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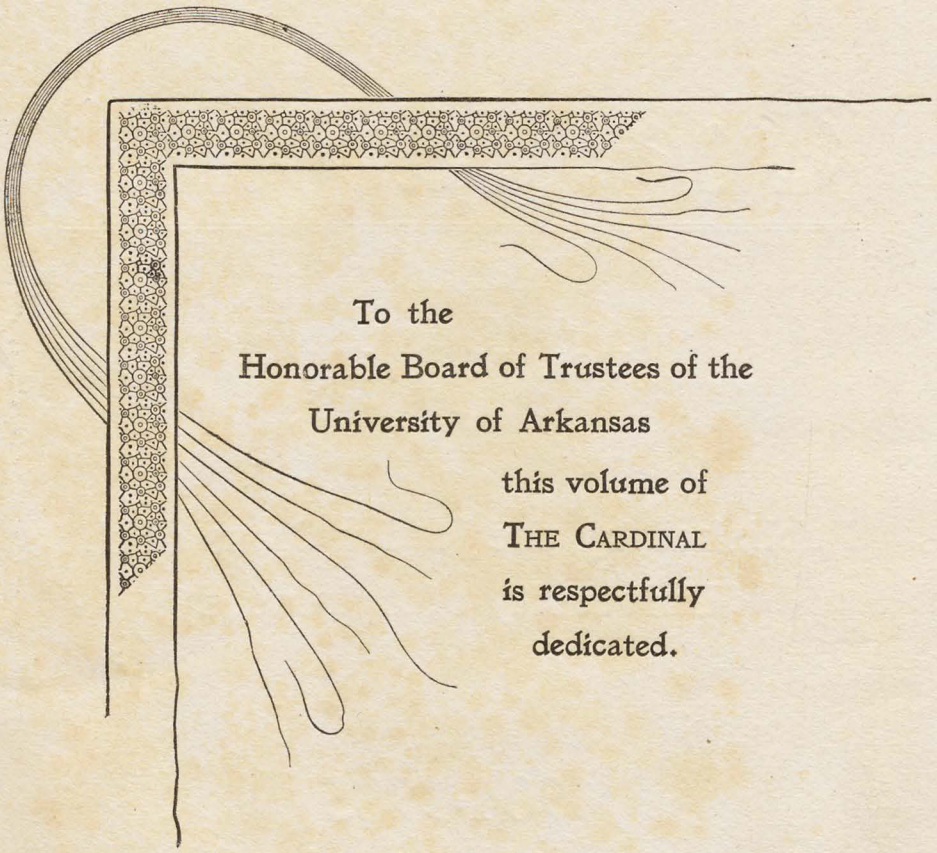
VOLUME EIGHT

Published by the Junior Class of the
University of Arkansas

1904-1905

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To the
Honorable Board of Trustees of the
University of Arkansas
this volume of
THE CARDINAL
is respectfully
dedicated.

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Foreword.

We do not maintain that the productions included in this volume are a just representation of the English Department of the University, for it has been our endeavor only to place in some sort of tangible form a part of the air-castle dreams and rag-time fancies which make up so large a part of student life. It has been our purpose to portray the student as he is—a charming creature, full of fun and joyousness, with a plentiful lack of experience, addicted neither to goodness nor to badness. The photograph, taken instantaneously from life, has caught him in many of those little positions and side lights, which do not go to make a perfect whole, and if flaws and inconsistencies are found, the only excuse there is to offer is the truthfulness of the picture.

And if, in after years, these silent pages bring again sweet memories of past days that lie dead in the church yard of yesterday; if they bring again soft strains of old songs sung on the college campus in the heyday of youth; if they bring to life faint echoes of dead voices along the silent halls; if these pages do these things, we shall not feel that this small harvest has been reaped in vain.



Grabill Photo.

MAIN ENTRANCE TO CAMPUS.

GREETING

GO FORTH, O CARDINAL,
OUT INTO THE WHITE-
BLOWN FIELDS OF YOUTH,
WHERE THE FROSTY
CLOUDS LIE LIKE ANGELS
ON THE FAR HORIZON
OF DREAMS; WHERE THE
STARS SHINE UNDIMMED
IN THE DEEP BLUE VAULT
OF HOPE UNCEASING-

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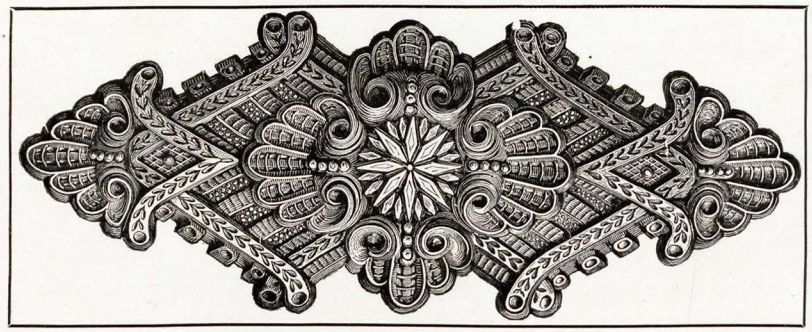
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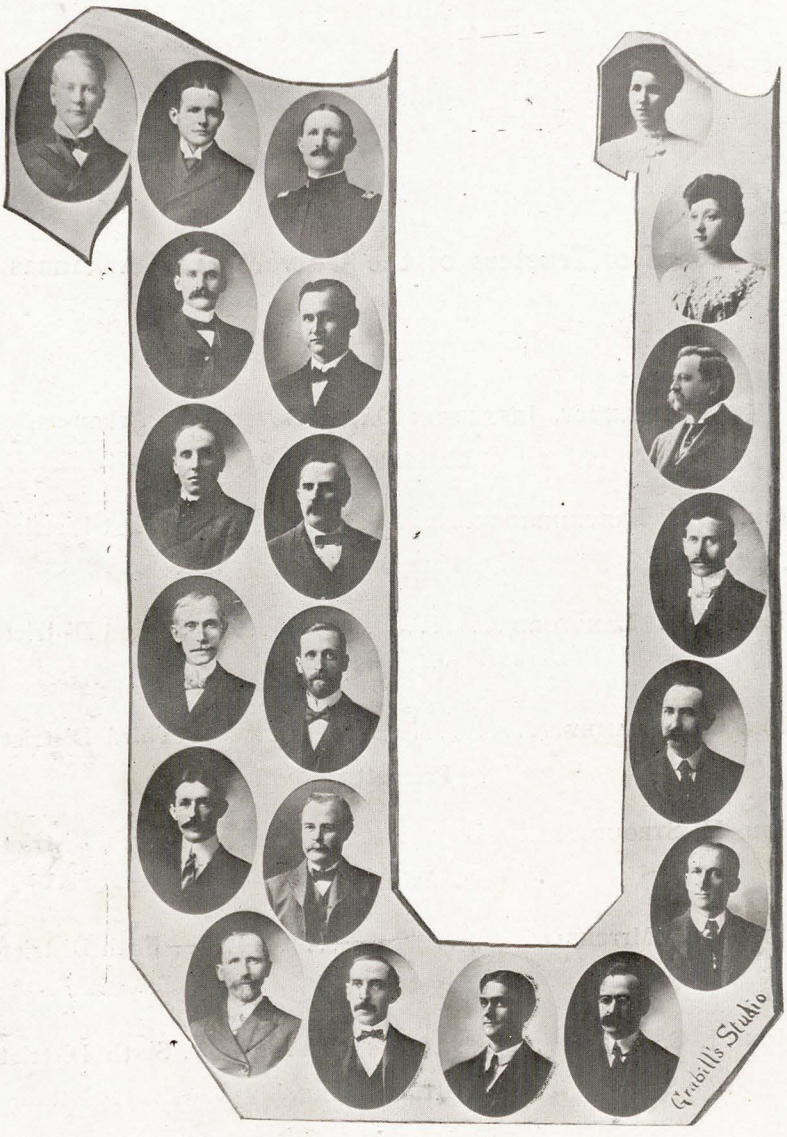
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THE CLASSES.

W.C.T.

The Class of 1905.

Behold, the torch of Venus fades!
Dawn in the wake of the morning star
Now lights up the leafy glades.
The muses and the graces, grouped in three,
Sing praises from afar.

In their midst is a fountain bright,
And here and there on latticed edges lies
A lute or book; the dawning light
Tunes the harp of many strings,
And sings the sweetest melodies.

Long live your noble class!
They sing in accents clear;
To it is praise that none surpass;
The learning of the highest minds
Can furnish them no peer.

To it be eternal fame,
And memories ever blest
Shall guard and keep the name.
May piety, the soul's securest guard,
Upon its members rest.

Willing, unknown to fear,
While charms their youth adorn,
Phœbus finds no suppliant here;
For virtue has its own reward,
And greatness is not yet unborn.

Be there no frost when buds appear,
Nor wind when flowers blow,
To blight the promise of a youthful year,
Nor shake the blossoms from the bough,
For them life's fruit shall grow.

May the fruit at last be gathered,
As harvest of the soul's true gold,
May this in heaven be treasured,
Sealed by eternal bonds of fame
And joy that is yet untold.

O muses, never cease your praise!
But ever keep alive
The memory of the Class through all your days,
And let me join your chorus—
Three cheers for the Class of 1905!

The History of the Class of 1905.

(Compiled from contemporary works by one of its members.)

Grievous and very much to be commiserated is the lot of the sympathetic historian who writes the history of his own class. With feeling hand and tearful eye, he draws back the curtain of oblivion that veils the great actions of former years.

In the month of September, in the ever memorable year 1901, we gathered at the Main Building of the University of Arkansas, which is, as you may perceive by looking at the map, one of the grandest, goodliest, and most magnificent buildings in the entire world. It is situated on an eminence in the midst of a group of splendid departmental buildings, which our all-wise, but hard-up Legislature has generously granted to us.

This mighty array of eighty-nine valiant youths and fair maidens, led by De Woody Dickinson, prepared to take the field. The eyes of all prepdom were turned upon us. Antiquity scowled sulkily out of its grave to see itself outdone, while even posterity stood mute, gazing in ecstacy on the eventful day.

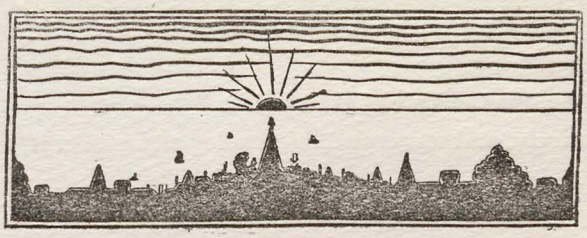
Some of us came from distant countries, but many others had just escaped from King Cole of prepdom. The year was spent in constant warfare with the tyrannical rulers who were called Profs. It would have fared ill with our noble band if the mighty generals, *Hinds* and *Noble* had not assisted us with their mercenary cavalry. Nevertheless, several were utterly vanquished by the merciless tyrants, and others were so severely wounded that they were not able to keep up with their fellows, and were obliged to fall behind or join the ranks of the Special class. In June of 1902, a truce was declared. In September of the same year hostilities were resumed. The army had been reduced to a small band of thirty-six, led by A. H. Beard. We continued the struggle and were able to go through the campaign without any numerical loss. Finally, after a nine months' struggle, a cessation of hostilities was agreed upon, but the mighty conflict was again renewed in September, 1903.

The band strove mightily for another year, and was engaged principally in killing Math,

Chemistry, German and French. This year things seemed brighter for us, for it was evident to all of us that the conflict was nearing an end.

In the autumn of 1904 we once more assembled and followed the leadership of the Lord Protector Cromwell, the Math-killer. He led us victoriously through the campaign, and in June, 1905, each member of the band received formal written surrender from the Faculty.

However, we are still discontented. The wise men tell us that the world is growing happier—that we live longer than did our fathers, have fewer wars and discords, and higher hopes and aspirations—so say the wise men; but deep in our own hearts we know they are wrong; for have we not, each one of us, in that May of life, when the world was young, started out lightly and airily along the path that led over green meadows to the blue mountains on the distant horizon, beyond which lay the great world we were to conquer? And though others dropped behind, have we not gone on through morning brightness and noonday heat, with eyes always steadily forward, until the fresh grass began to be parched and withered, and the way grew hard and stony, and the blue mountains resolved into gray rocks and thorny cliffs? And when at last we reached the toilsome summits we found the glory that had lured us on was only the sunset glow that fades into darkness while we look and leaves us at the very goal to sink down, tired in body and sick at heart, to close our eyes and dream again, not of the fame and fortune that were to have been ours, but only of the old-time happiness that we have left so far behind.



Tales of the Thousand and Sixty-one Nights

or

The Arkansas Nights.

(Translated from a fragment of a manuscript discovered by Prof. Butinski.)

EXORDIUM.

In the name of the most worthy Sultan Henry S. Hartzog, the Compassionate, the Merciful; praise be to Henry, the Beneficent King, the Ruler of the University, who has been merciful unto delinquents. May blessings and peace be upon him, unending and constant unto the Day of Judgment.

To proceed: The lives of former generations are a lesson to posterity. That men may review the remarkable events which have happened to others, and be admonished, and may consider the history of people of preceding ages and of all that hath befallen them, and be restrained—this history of the Class of 1905 is ordained.

THE VISION OF NOJAH BEN OMAR.

On the twentieth day of the moon, when, according to the custom of my associates, I attended the morning devotions, I ascended the high stairs to the Library, in order to pass the day in meditation among the wise and learned. While I was sitting there, one in the habit of a warrior came to me and said: "If thou wouldst have good wisdom and right understanding, follow me." He then led me up to the highest pinnacle of the tower, and said to me:

"Cast thy eyes northward, and tell me what thou seest."

"I see," said I, "a valley with a great stream flowing through it, over which is a mighty bridge on four broad arches."

"That valley," said he, "is the Vale of College Life."

I looked more attentively, and saw crowds of people passing over it, and a black cloud hanging over each end of it.

"Those four arches," said he, "are the four years of college life."

As I looked more attentively I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great stream that flowed underneath it and, upon closer examination, I saw that there were concealed pitfalls, which were very numerous at the middle and the end of each arch. Many in the midst of frivolity and jollity dropped through these pitfalls, which, my conductor told me, were called examinations. At length I said: "Show me the secrets that lie concealed beyond the dark cloud at the farther end of the bridge." I received no answer, and was turning

to address the warrior again, when I heard a mighty rushing of feet, and then I knew that the second period had commenced.

The Prophecy of Ahmed Bengelj.

When Henry the Wise was Caliph of the University, an ancient Arabian philosopher, with a long white beard, came to me and said: "Follow me, and I will show you the future of the Class of 1905." He led me to a great mountain, and we went into a cave. The walls of the cave were covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics, with cabalistic symbols, and with the figures of the stars in their signs. He made a fire, and performed several mystic ceremonies. Then I looked up, and saw Caleb Wadi Jones, a mighty magician, who made mighty love potions which could not be resisted.

The scene changed, and Julut Masud Grubbs, the mighty Caliph, and Janada Ben Davis, his Grand Vizier, with Eben Haroun Kunz, his Grand Scribe, appeared. They were the rulers of the mighty land of Arkansas.

Again the scene changed, and I saw a palace of commerce with this inscription above the entrance: "Jahl Chapman, Carlzaman Wasili Cromwell and Ben McGehee. Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, and Feed. Highest price paid for 'Possum Hides."

Then I saw a magnificent room, where four princesses were reclining on divans. They were Badoura Ambercrombie, Gulmore Jordan, Badroulbadoura Williams, and Maruta Cole.

Once more the scene changed, and I saw the mighty caravan of the Great Eastern Transportation Company of Dhu'lkifl Bedr Morrow and Hamed Behran Van Valkenburgh.

Then I saw Eblis Lokman Carter, the mighty ruler of the United States, and Judi Ghlib Hudgins, his Grand Vizier, and men said they were elected on the Prohibition ticket. Near them were seated the mighty Senators Bekir Mulat Kitchens and Cassim Mohammed Reves and the faithful Representatives Bohira Oziar Jackson and Alï Seyyid Irby.

Another scene showed me the mighty estates of the Caliphs of Agriculture, Abdallah Dhu'l-karnein Whitehead and Feysal Hain Pratt.

The scene changed and I saw Leith Said Olney and Noureddin Pasha Pope, the mighty magicians, who, by aid of their enchantment, were able to talk at a distance by means of wires.

Then I saw Cadadad Wadi Webb and Ramadin Hassan Legate, the great physicians, who, by their enchantments, were able to heal all manner of diseases.

Then the old man said: "I am weak and not able to show you more," and I left without knowing the fate of some of the class.

SENIORS

The Class of Naughty-Five

Hullabaloo! Kanee, Kanive!

Hullabaloo! Kanee, Kanive!

King of the school, 1905!



BERTHA ABERCROMBIE.....Fayetteville.

Vice-President Class, '03–'04; member Basket Ball Team, '03–'04.



ABNER HAMILTON BEARD.....Wynne.

Secretary Garland, '00–'01; Sergeant Company A, '02–'03; Right Tackle 'Varsity Eleven, '02–'03; Vice-President Dormitory, '02–'03; President Class, '02–'03; Quartermaster-Sergeant, '03–'04; Captain Track Team, '03–'04, Member Athletic Board, '04–'05.



WALLACE B. CARR.....Quincy, Mass.



EDWARD LEROY CARTER St. Paul.

Quartermaster-Sergeant, '03–'04; Assistant Business Manager CARDINAL, '03–'04; Lieutenant and Quartermaster-Sergeant, '04–'05.

JOHNSON CHAPMAN Lake Village.

Corporal, '99–'00; Sergeant, '00–'01; First Sergeant, '01–'02; Quartermaster-Sergeant, '02; President Freshman Class; President Junior Class, '02–'03; President Athletic Association, '04–'05; Captain Second Foot Ball Team, '01; Quarter Back 'Varsity Eleven, '01–'02; Manager 'Varsity Foot Ball Team, '03.





MARY ELIZABETH COLE Stillwell.

Class Poet, '04–'05.



CHARLES M. COOKE, JR. Fort Smith.

Treasurer Dormitory Executive Committee, '04–'05.

CHARLES W. CROMWELL Fort Smith.

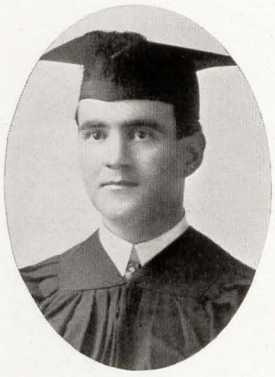
Class President, '04–'05; Corporal Company A, '02–'03; Sergeant Company E, '03–'04; President Dormitory, '03–'04; Assistant Engineer on Civil Engineering Survey, '03–'04; Member Dormitory Executive Committee, '04–'05.





JOHN B. DAVIS Chelsea, I. T.

Associate Editor CARDINAL, '03–'04 and '04–'05; Vice-President of English Club.



JOHN M. GRUBBS Eddy.

President Garland, '03–'04; Member Dormitory Executive Committee.

JAY GUY HUDGINS Fayetteville.

Attorney Mathetian, '02–'03; President Mathetian, '03–'04; Vice-President, '04–'05; President English Club; Associate Editor of CARDINAL.





ALVIN S. IRBY Black Rock.

Attorney Mathetian, '04; Vice-President Mathetian, '05; Captain Class Base Ball Team, '05; President of Mathetian, '05.

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SAMUEL S. JEFFERIES.....Clarendon.





COULTER W. JONES.....Lono.

Corporal, '01–'02; Treasurer Garland, '01–'02; Corporal, '02–'03; Treasurer Special Class, '02–'03; Corporal, '03–'04; Class Historian, '03–'04; Class Treasurer, '04–'05; Secretary Dormitory Executive Committee, '04–'05.



GRACE JORDAN.....Fayetteville.

Class Secretary, '00–'01; Vice-President Special Class, '01–'02; Vice-President Class, '04–'05.



BENTON M. KITCHENS.....Paragould.

Sergeant Company A, '03–'04; Member Lecture Board, '03–'04 and '04–'05; Member Athletic Board, '04–'05; Business Manager of CARDINAL, '03–'04; Manager Base Ball Team, '04–'05; Member Dormitory Executive Committee, '04–'05.



ELMER KUNZ.....Fayetteville.



W. H. LARK.....Lancaste



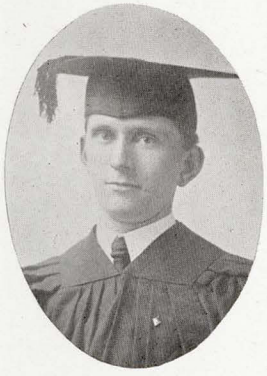
RAY H. LEGATE.....Mena.

President Y. M. C. A.; Member Dormitory Executive Committee.



BEN MCGEHEE.....Little Rock

Corporal, '02; Sergeant, '03; Lieutenant, '04; Half Back on 'Varsity Eleven, '04.



DONALD B. MORROW.....Booneville.

Corporal, '02; Sergeant, '03; Lieutenant, '04; Manager Class Base Ball Team, '03.

LEE S. OLNEY.....Mena.

Sergeant, '03–'04; Left Guard 'Varsity Eleven, '03; Left Tackle 'Varsity Eleven, '04; Class Orator, '03–'04; Vice-President Athletic Association, '04; President Dormitory Executive Committee, '04–'05; President Engineering Society, '04–'05; Class Orator, '04–'05; Captain Class Foot Ball Team, '04–'05.





N. PERCY POPE.....Monticello.

Corporal, '01–'02; Sergeant, '03–'04; Associate Editor CARDINAL, '01–'02; Associate Editor *Ozark*, '01; Sophomore Member Lecture Course Committee, '01–'02; Treasurer Dormitory Executive Committee, '04; President Mathetian, '05.



CLAUDE M. REVES.....Alma.

Corporal Company D, '03; Lieutenant Company D, '03–'04; Editor-in-Chief of CARDINAL, '03–'04; President Garland, '04–'05; Member Lecture Board, '03–'04; and '04–'05; Associate Editor CARDINAL, '04–'05.

H. B. VAN VALKENBURGH, JR.....Warren.

Associate Editor CARDINAL, '01–'02; Lieutenant Company F, '02–'03; Class Treasurer, '02–'03; Captain Second Foot Ball Team, '02–'03; President Mathetian, '03–'04; Right End 'Varsity Eleven, '04–'05; President Mathetian, '04–'05; Treasurer Lecture Board, '03–'04 and '04–'05; Associate Editor CARDINAL, '04–'05; Sergeant-at-Arms Mathetian, '05.





BEAULAH WILLIAMS.....Fayetteville.

Class Secretary, '02–'03; Treasurer Mathetian, '03; Class Prophet, '04–'05; President Y. W. C. A; Captain 'Varsity Basket Ball Team, '04–'05; Vice-President of Deutscher Verein, '04–'05.



CHARLES W. WEBB.....Texarkana.



ALEXANDER D. WHITEHEAD.....Taylor.

Attorney Garland, '00–'01; Right Guard Second Eleven, '02–'03; Vice-President Garland, '02–'03; Sergeant Company D, '03–'04; Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '03–'04; took L. I. Degree, '04; Member Dormitory Comtive Committee, '04–'05; President Garland, '04–'05.



EMMETT COCKRILL.....Little Rock.



BRUEN OVERTON JACKSON Hamburg

FAY H. WEBSTER.....Marvell.

W. E. DICKINSON.....Horatio.

Sergeant Company E, '02–'03; Color Sergeant, '03–'04; Left End Second Foot Ball Team, '02–'03; Secretary Athletic Association, '03–'04; President Garland, '04; Treasurer Dormitory Executive Committee, '04; Manager 'Varsity Foot Ball Team, '04.



Senior Music Students.



AUGUSTA R. KEENEY.....Fayetteville.

IRENE MANNING.....Clarendon.

Treasurer of Mathetian, '04.





DELLA MCMILLAN.....Fayetteville.

Class Secretary, '01–'02; Secretary of Special Class '03–'04.

The Senior Alphabet.

A is for Abercrombie, so slender and fair.

B is for Beard, with shining black hair.

C is for Cook and for Cromwell, and Carr.

D is for Davis who came from afar.

E is for Elmer H. Kunz you see.

F is for Foolish, as some of us be.

G is for Grubbs, a man of great age.

H is for Hudgins, an embryo sage.

I is for Irby, whose soul's in his clothes.

J is Grace Jordan, whom every one knows.

K is for Kitchens, for Kunz, and for Kraut.

L is for Legate, you may have found out.

M is for Morrow, McGehee and me.

N is for Nothing, as plain as can be.

O is for Olney, a man who can speak.

P is for Pope, who is lowly and meek.

Q is for Queer, for Quaint, and for Quarre

R is for Reves, who is said to be moral.

S is something, I can't tell you what.

T is for Tissimo, who is tired of his lot.

U is for Umbrella, to keep off the rain.

V is Van Valkenburgh back here again.

W is for Webb and for Whitehead, you kno

X is for ten of us, all in a row.

Y is for Yacht, far out on the sea,
If the Profs'. were on board, how happ
we'd be.

Z is for Zany, for Zest and for Zone.

& now ends this Alphabet, wholly our ow

The Junior-Senior Class Day.

The 17th day of March, 1905, was an important one for the University of Arkansas. On that day, by a special order of the Faculty, the Junior and Senior Classes were declared free from all duties, and, as a natural result, joy reigned unconfined.

Immediately after chapel exercises the two classes met in the Garland Hall, where a jollification meeting was held. The Committee on Arrangements submitted the programme of the day, which received the approval of every one present.

Able addresses were delivered by the Presidents of the respective classes and also one by Dr. C. H. Brough. Then, after a love-feast for half an hour, the body adjourned to the campus to aid in the construction of a concrete tablet, which marks the beginning of a beautiful sidewalk from the main building to the entrance of the grounds. On this tablet were inscribed the names and the year of the Senior Class. When this was done, Dr. H. S. Hartzog, from the steps of the main entrance, delivered an interesting address to both classes. After the address the master of ceremonies proclaimed a stroll around town, which was duly carried into effect. Several Juniors, however, lagged behind, and were attacked by four or five Vandals and Flunkers from the lower classes. But a quietus was immediately made by ramming the heads of the Vandals into the deep green earth, and the two classes went on in peace, with the banners of Naughty-Five and Naughty-Six gently locked in each others' loving folds.

At 2 o'clock the Senior tree was planted. Professor Walker delivered an instructive talk, showing that the tree was a symbol of life and growth and not a dead, inanimate thing, which many people think it to be. At half-past three the classes and their respective teams met in the Athletic Park to play a match game of base ball, but the rain poured down in such relentless torrents that the game was called off, and every one sought shelter, hither, thither, and yon.

The climax of all, however, was reached in the grand reception and banquet held in the parlors of the Washington Hotel. Some of the more fanciful adjourned to the dancing-hall near by, and danced until the town clock itself began to grow drowsy. Then all took their courses homeward, some going this way and some that way, and all glad and showering blessings on the heads of the Faculty, who made this enjoyment possible.

The Junior Class of 1904-05.

The Junior Class of 1905
Is worthy of the name;
Its like has not been seen of yore,
Nor will be seen again.

It is a class of wondrous men,
A class all men but two;
And, oh! it is a grievous sin
That such a thing is true.

Now, one fair lass is Miss Stockton,
So graceful, bright, and charming;
And then there is the Miss Wilson,
So kind and not alarming.

On these all Junior eyes are fixed,
All Junior thoughts are bent;
And when the Class gets in a fight
These two soon heal the rent.

Right at the head is Holland, W. C.,
The President so small;
Then next in line is Brodie Payne,
The chief concern of all.

Then next we come to Sadler, Dan,
The manager with specks;
And next we hear of Harris, Joe,
The idol of the fairer sex.

Now then, we see Joe Gardner,
The printer-boy by trade;
And next we spy young Harry Hunt,
Eating Latin like he 's paid.

And now, "Hello!" we see Abe Collins,
The man of thunderous tones;
While to the rear is Oates, C. E.,
The Job of skin and bones.

Well, now here comes Lieut. Pope, A. D.,
The man who knows his "biz";
And by his side is Justin Gray,
Who talks and says, "Gee whiz!"

By George! here comes young Weber, L.,
With Greek and Math to fight,
And at his heels is Mashburn, E.,
A captain of great might.

Right now we hear G. Abner Hurst,
The solon newly made.
Behold! here comes the frosty Winters,
As charming as a maid.

Well, here I see John Borders,
The boy so tall and keen;
And at his side is Stanford, Jim,
The lad so lank and lean.

And now I count Prof. Campbell,
The dressy lady's sport;
And here, too, is young Buford,
The beau that likes to court.

Well, say! I hear one Terry Fields
A-singing to his dear;
Then harken now to Mr. Craig,
Reading Dutch so fast and clear.

Then next on hand is big Blackshire,
The man of words and wit;
And right close by is Mitchel B.,
The man of sandy grit.

Well, now I hear Captain Austin, R.,
A drilling boys for fun;
And in the squad is lengthy Dalton
A-sweating on the run.

And now looms up Bob Ingersoll,
Who sayeth things so clever;
And yonder comes Nordmeyer, C. D.,
At politics forever.

Now, just beyond is brawny Brockman,
Who speaks with sense and power,
While at his right is J. H. Johnston,
The tender of the flower.

And here I see big Barrett, B.,
A man that "don't" get drunk;
Then all at once comes Mullins, C.,
The boy that does not "flunk."

Now, next in line is Andrix, E.,
The man of bold athletics;
And now looms up Capt. Brunskog, C.,
With military tactics.

But now we see young Crooms, C. W.,
The Junior privateer;
And by his side is Clegg, C. B.,
The beau so nice and dear.

Oh, yes! I see Friedell, D. J.,
And all the girls do see,
And to his right is Ballard Sharp,
Who wants a big degree.

I like to see tall Harvey, Ben,
A-talking to the girls;
I love to hear Slim Jacks, M. E.,
A-cracking rocks for pearls.

And now I think of Harding, C.,
The lieutenant of tall dimensions;
And then of Schimmelpfennig, C.,
A name of queer impressions.

Now for a glance at Taber, B.,
Whose looks are fast improving;
And hear the young Van Valkenburgh,
Who still needs some reproving.

Oh, yes! there goes McCrory, G.,
The Irishman of wit,
Who thinks that he can sing a song,
But can not sing a bit.

Why, now I see J. Pruett, R.,
The dumpy, chunky man;
While by his side is Pruett, C.,
And he is of the clan.

Now, next to last is Stone, J. H.,
Studying hard to pass;
And at the end is Wilson, C.,
To watch the Junior Class.

Now, all these Juniors, every one,
Is striving for the goal,
And all these Juniors have begun
With heart and mind and soul.

The Escape of the Pony.

During a class in Latin two
There happened something quite new—
A pony from his stall
Galloped over the hall,
And at last was caught by a few.

This pony, his color was bay,
He came from New York so they say;
But never before,
When he left the barn door,
Had he ever acted that way.

Now each with a very keen eye
Mounted the pony quite sly;
And so fast was he ridden
That from sight he was hidden
Of the Prof., who was standing close by.

My dearest old pony adieu,
You have gallantly carried us through;
Although you are old
There will be joy untold,
For the students yet riding on you.

It wearies me to eat my food
In rainy-time or drought;
I always have to lift it up
And put it in my mouth.

And when the skies are dark and drear,
With all my might and main
I have to go into the house
To keep out of the rain.

And every morn when I get up,
As oft I 've done before,
I always have to take my feet
And put them on the floor.

Yes, this is such a weary world,
It makes me sob and weep;
For when I can not stay awake
I have to go to sleep.

Soliloquy.

To pass or not to pass; that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The quibs and tauntings of outrageous Profs,
Or to take arms against a sea of exams
And by opposing end them? To flunk—to pass—
No more; and by a pass to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To flunk—to pass—
To pass! perchance to make an E! aye there 's the rub!

The U. A. did not win the game to-day—
It did not see the longed-for goal at all!
Its hopes went flying like a bird away
With each revolving circuit of the ball.
I rooted hard and blew my little horn—
My throat 's so sore that I can hardly speak;
I do not feel so very well this morn—
And *I* shall not eat any pie this week!

Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight,
Give me a stove again just for to-night!
Give me the wood and the ashes and all
Mixed with the firelight agleam on the wall!
Give me a pipe and a friend and a book;
Give me some bread and some fishes to cook!
Boil me some eggs and some meat in the pot,
Let them cook tenderly, let them cook *hot!*
Give me some oysters so fat and so brown;
Give me some spirits to hurry them down!
Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight,
Give me a stove again just for to-night!

A Letter to the Junior Class President.

FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS, April 4, 1926.

Mr. W. C. Holland:

DEAR FRIEND,—Before answering your question regarding the whereabouts of our old classmates, I wish to congratulate you upon your recent election to the speakership of the House. May you do great work for your country.

In regard to Miss Wilson and Miss Stockton, I shall say that Miss Wilson is married to a billionaire, and now resides on Fifth Avenue, New York City. Miss Stockton is an instructor of German at Harvard College.

As for myself, I am on a vacation from my chemistry work in Chicago, and, as I have plenty of time, I shall tell you what I know of our old class of Naughty-Six.

Earl Andrix went to Cornell after he left the U. of A. He won a great name there as a trackman, beating the world's record in the hammer-throw. He is now Professor of Mechanical Engineering at the dear old U. of. A.

Of course you recognize in the new Commander-in-Chief of our Army our old classmate, R. E. L. Austin. Six of our C. E.'s—Barrett, Mashburn, Brunskog, McCrory, and the two Pruetts—are building a great railroad from Panama to New York.

Plautus L. Blackshire started to New Zealand, but was shipwrecked off the coast of a cannibal island, and was eaten by the savages.

Borders quit the engineering business and took to farming. He has now a fine fruit farm in the Ozarks, and is raising apples, strawberries, and hogs.

Brockman, with his overpowering oratory and his broad, deep mind, has won his way to the chair of the Chief Executive of our State.

Buford went to Panama, and made a great reputation as a cook. His receipt for "making pie out of nothing" is famous, and is bringing him thousands of dollars. The world lost a great engineer when Homer turned cook.

Lonnie Lee Campbell, who intended to become a professor of modern languages, is running a street car in Little Rock. I saw him the other day and he told me he was going to throw up his job as the life was too fast for him.

Collins, Gardner, Gray, and Harris are all lawyers of some note in Arkansas. Collins was elected to the Legislature two years ago. I was talking to one of his constituents the other day, and he said that Abe went in with very little opposition and went out with none at all.

Terry Fields is the chief bass singer of "Fair Japan," an attraction that was very popular

at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis years ago. He is billed to appear in Little Rock this week.

Ben Harvey is in the Blind Asylum. His ears were blown off and his eyes were put out three years ago while he was trying to prepare a barrel of oxygen.

I suppose you heard about Hunt's great victory over Ingersoll for Congress. Ingersoll had strong support, but Hunt's wonderful oratory and gift of gab defeated him.

Jacks has control over the majority of the mines in Colorado, and it is said that he is the principal stockholder in the North American Iron and Steel Trust.

Hicks Stone is an artistic traveling sign painter. He paints signs in a way that was never heard of before. He makes a specialty of "cigar shop" and "hog and hominy" signs.

The firm of Mullins, Friedell & Schimmelpfennig controls all the engineering work in the United States.

Mitchell has gone into the brick-laying business, and it is thought that he will soon reach perfection in that line.

C. E. Oates has never risen above the dead-level of mediocrity. He taught a country school for a while, but soon moved to Texas, where he is now languishing in jail for stealing horses.

Our poet, Brodie Payne, has written several volumes of poems, which you have doubtless read; but it is sad to relate that he soared so high among the clouds that one day he fell and broke both feet. He is now laid up for repairs. He swears he will never go so high again until some of our engineers build him a stairway to climb.

"Pal" Pope is selling books, soap, hatpins, and other household novelties in the Indian Territory.

Dan K. Sadler is the editor of the *Booneville Sun*, a very enterprising county paper.

Weber and Ballard have attained great fame by writing a new Latin grammar. The book is being placed in every university in the country.

C. P. Wilson is a major in the United States Army. You ought to see him in his uniform!

Winters is building a bridge from Alaska to Asia, and expects to have it ready by next spring.

Jim Henry Johnson is, as you probably know, at the head of the Horticultural Department at Washington, D. C. He has made many discoveries in his line of work.

Percy Craig is Professor of Modern Languages at Yale. He is considered to be one of the best linguists in America.

Van Valkenburgh won fame as an athlete at Yale. After leaving the university he invented a storage battery, which weighs only three pounds, and will run a train from Boston to Chicago without re-charging.

Well, I must close. Write soon, and tell me all about yourself.

Your old friend, *Jim Stanford.*

Junior Class Roll.

Rickety zah!
Ziggety boom!
Juniors! Juniors!
Give us room!
We're all right;
Let us fight.
Juniors! Juniors!
Out of sight!

University of Arkansas, LIBRARY.



"A class is good and a lass is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather;
The world is good and the people are good,
And we're all good fellows together."

ANDRIX, E. R., Sergeant Bentonville.
"A lion in strength.

AUSTIN, R. E. L Fayetteville.
"Without a sign, his sword the brave man drew."

BALLARD, B. C., Sergeant Durham.
"I know everything except myself."

BARRETT, F. B., Sergeant Jonesboro.
" 'T is not the whole of life to live, nor all of death to die."

BLACKSHIRE, P. L.; Corporal; Assistant Business Manager of CARDINAL, '05; President Dormitory Crockett.
"I will take my corporal's oath on it."

JUNIOR CLASS ROLL—Continued.

BROCKMAN, E. W.; Lieutenant; Class Orator; President of Dormitory Garnett

"Deep on his front engraven deliberation sat."

BRUNSKOG, C. W.; Captain Bentonville

"O, hour of all hours, the most blessed upon earth;
Blessed hour of our dinners!"

BUFORD, C. H.; Lieutenant Newport

"Neat, not gaudy."

CROOM, C. W. Dardanelle

"He might have proved a useful adjunct, if not an ornament, to society."

CAMPBELL, L. L.; Lieutenant Newport

"I have ever loved to repose myself, whether sitting or lying, with my heels as high or higher than my head."

CLEGG, C. B Siloam Springs

"As staunch and true as a knight of old."

COLLINS, T. A.; Associate Editor CARDINAL; Lieutenant; President of Dormitory ... De Queen

"I have been there, and still would go;
'T is like a little heaven below—'WEST DICKSON.'"

CRAIG, P. G.; Sergeant Little Rock

"I am resolved to grow fat, and look young until forty."

DALTON, C. E.; Captain Fayetteville

"Sentimentally, I am disposed to harmony; but organically, I am incapable of a tune."

FRIEDELL, D. J.; Sergeant Texarkana

"Ah, you flavor everything; you are the vanilla of society."

FIELD, TERRY Little Rock

"Let me live unseen, unknown."

GARDNER, J. W.; Associate Editor CARDINAL; Lieutenant Salem

"Never look for the birds of this year in the nests of last."

GRAY, J. G.; Corporal Batesville

"Time ripens all things."

HARRIS, J. S.; Sergeant; Assistant Business Manager of CARDINAL; Manager of Second Foot Ball Team Monticello

"I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
Wherein for aye to dwell."

HATHCOAT, M. A Bellefonte

"Talk to him of Jacob's ladder, and he would ask the number of steps."

HARDING, C. T Fayetteville

"The only chick in school."



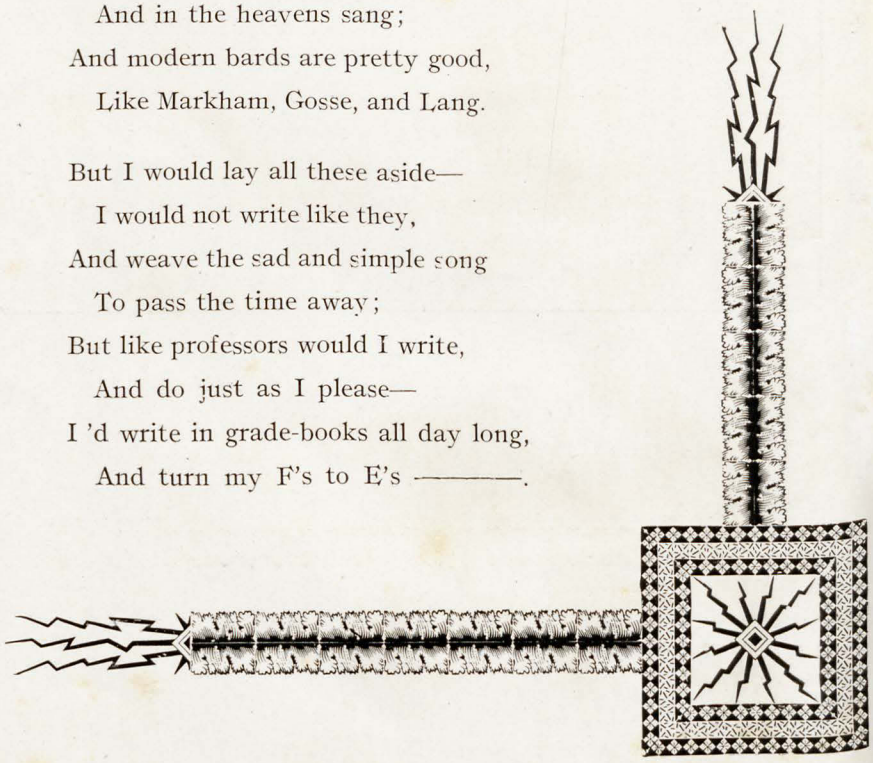
JUNIOR CLASS.

If I Could Write.

I would not write like Tennyson
Nor Chaucer, as of old;
I would not write like Shakespeare did
And clothe my words in gold.
I would not write like Robert Burns
Who sang his heart away;
Nor would I write like Stevenson,
Nor even yet like Gay.

Now, I 'll admit that Herrick wrote
Some lyrics passing fair;
And Shelley wrote some fairy things,
Part cloud and partly air;
And Keats on godlike pinions flew
And in the heavens sang;
And modern bards are pretty good,
Like Markham, Gosse, and Lang.

But I would lay all these aside—
I would not write like they,
And weave the sad and simple song
To pass the time away;
But like professors would I write,
And do just as I please—
I 'd write in grade-books all day long,
And turn my F's to E's ————.



JUNIOR CLASS ROLL—Continued.

HARVEY, BEN.....Douglas.
"I have everything, yet have nothing; and although I possess nothing, still of nothing I am in want."

HOLLAND, W. C.; Lieutenant; President Junior Class.....Greenwood.
"Whose little body lodges a mighty mind."

HUNT, H. G.; Corporal.....Walnut Ridge.
"My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain."

HURST, G. A.....Fayetteville.
"As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile."

INGERSOLL, W. H.; Sergeant.....Perryville.
"At whose sight all the stars hide their diminished heads."

JOHNSTON, J. H.; Treasurer of Class.....Auvergne.
"Anything for a quiet life."

JACKS, M. E.; Lieutenant.....Marianna.
"He is the very pineapple of politeness."

MASHBURN, E. E.; Captain.....Melbourne.
"My heart is fixed."

MCCRORY, G. G.....McCrory.
"My appetite comes to me while eating."

MITCHELL, B.....Fayetteville.
"I have often regretted my silence, never my speech."

MULLINS, T. C.; Lieutenant.....Fayetteville.
"In every deed of mischief he has a heart to resolve, a head to contrive and a hand to execute."

NORDMEYER, C. D.; Lieutenant; Class Poet.....Fayetteville.
"The peerless speaker and inimitable orator."

OATES, C. E.; Sergeant.....Martinville.
"He is never less at leisure than when at leisure."

PAYNE, BRODIE; Editor-in-Chief of the CARDINAL; Sergeant.....Hot Springs.
"There is a pleasure in poetic pains which only poets know."

POPE, A. D.; Lieutenant-Quartermaster.....Taylor.
"Old as I am for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet."

PRUETT, G. C.; Class Athletic Manager; Corporal.....Denning.
"He is a second Hercules."

PRUETT, J. R.; Class Historian; Corporal.....Denning.
"There are times that try men's souls—exams."

JUNIOR CLASS ROLL—Continued.

SADLER, D. K.; Business Manager of the CARDINAL; Color Sergeant; Manager Second Base Ball Team Boonevill
"Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway."

SCHIMMELPFENNIG, C. W. Little Roc
"A fair exterior is a silent recommendation."

STANFORD, J. B.; Lieutenant; Class Prophet Fayettevil
"Just at the age twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth."

STOCKTON, IRENE; Vice-President of Class Little Roc
"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair."

STONE, J. H.; Sergeant Fayettevil
"He would make three bites of a cherry."

TABER, H. B.; Sergeant Little Roc
"Oh, my! Why should life all labor be?"

VAN VALKENBURG, W. M. Warre
"Whence in thy learning hath thy toil,
In books consumed the midnight oil?"

WEBER, L. W. Hindsvil
"He glides as silent as a mouse around the halls."

WILSON, Nellie; Class Secretary Ft. Smit
"She 's all my fancy painted her."

WILSON, C. P.; Adjutant Ft. Smit
"The gloss of fashion and the mold of form."

WINTERS, W. L.; Lieutenant Ft. Smit
"Oh, wad some power the gieftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

Sophomore Poem.

LAST year we thought we knew it all;
How happy were we then!
The big round earth seemed much too small
To each of us Freshmen.

To-day in Sophomore shoes we tread,
A class so bold and free
That there is not the least of dread
In facing Fate's decree.

Next year we do desire to rank
As Juniors rank to-day;
And next our stars we ought to thank
If we are Seniors gay.

At last, when college days are o'er,
And classmates have to part,
The dear old name, sweet Sophomore,
Will rest in every heart.

—*Othel York.*

Sophomore Class.

Sophomore—"A being darkly wise and rudely great."

OFFICERS.

KERR C. KEY, ... *Preside*
LEILA BLAIR, ... *Vice-Preside*
OLLIE UMBAUGH, ... *Secreta*
J. G. POPE, ... *Treasur*
J. G. CUBAGE, ... *Associate Editor of Cardin*
JAMES R. RHYNE, ... *Foot Ball Manag*
DAN B. BLAIR, ... *Base Ball Manag*
BRUCE A. SPRADLIN, ... *Historia*
JOSEPH O. YORK, ... *Po*
ARTHUR J. JOHNSON, ... *Orat*

AKIN, JOHN W. Texa

"My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me."

ALBRIGHT, ELLA. Barren For

"And while I live I 'll never fly from a man."

BALCH, COLDRIDGE P. Hollywoo

"Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman."

BALLARD, JERROD. Durha

"Be wise to-day; 't is madness to defer."

BARRETT, REUBEN. Jonesbo

"His conscience cheers him with a life well spent."

BEANE, ADA LOUISE. Roge

"A scorn of flattery and a zeal for truth."

BLAIR, DAN B. Decatu

Better known as "Shorty the Shortstop."

BLAIR, LEILA. Van Bure

"The coast
Where first my shipwrecked heart was lost."

BOLINGER, WALTER A. Lead Hi

"For as his own bright image he surveyed
He fell in love with the fantastic shade."

BAKER, GROVER C. Fayettevill

"His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock, it never is at home."

BENSON, FREDERICK P. Camde

"A wit with dunces and a dunce with wits."



SOPHOMORE CLASS.

CARPENTER, SAM Arkadelphia.
Officer of the Day Perpetual.

COKER, ADAM Lead Hill.
"He rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool."

COKER, ROY Lead Hill.
"He will weep, howl, and repent even while he doth smite you under the fifth rib."

COMBS, WALTER Mountain Home.
"He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Nor Jove for his power to thunder."

CATTS, E. C Washington.
Police Judge for the Dormitory Ku Klux.

CANTWELL, HAIDEN C Tennessee.
"Scarcely half a wit and more than half a clown."

COTHAM, ROBERT B Monticello.
"A harmless, necessary cat."

CROZIER, RUTH MARGARET Fayetteville.
"None named thee but to praise."

CUBAGE, J. G Amity.
"Heedless of verse and helpless of renown."

DACUS, IRA L Chickalah.
"The ills of love, not those of fate, I fear."

DAVIES, SAMUEL G Fayetteville.
"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

DEANE, SYDNEY E Fayetteville.
"He bears old Goliath's sacred sword."

DICKSON, ENOS H Desha.
"I'm saddest when I sing."

DAVIS, LYTA Fayetteville.
"A modest blush she wears, not formed by art."

FERGUS, FRANK H Elm Springs.
"This indeed is Ajax,
The bulwark of the Greeks."

FEATHERS, JOHN E Fayetteville.
"You beat your pate and fancy wit will come;
But knock as you please, there 's nobody at home."

HILLMAN, CHARLES C Almyra.
"I am the very pink of courtesy."

HOLT, SEABORN J Bellefonte.
"And he 's the wisest of our race."

HOUSE, JOSEPH W Little Rock.
"His words were simple and his soul sincere."

HUGHES, L. C. Fayetteville.
"For I am young, a novice in the trade."

HYATT, ROBERT F. Monticello.
"My only books were woman's looks."

HARDING, VERNON A. Fayetteville.
"I am never happy when I laugh."

HUTCHINSON, FREDERICK M. Nashville.
"Much learning doth make him mad."

INGRAM, CECIL. Lavaca.
"Who rides an *elephant* when he would hunt mice."

JORDAN EMMET Lockesburg.
"Why does Antony dream at his hours,
And tempt not fortune for a noble day?"

JORDAN, EDNA GARLINGTON Blakemore.
"And her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece."

JOHNSON, ARTHUR J. Garnett.
"With words of learned length and thund'ring sound
Amazed the gazing rustics, ranged around."

KEY, KERR C. Fayetteville.
"He would *unlock* nature's secrets and unshackle the thoughts of men."

MITCHELL, JOHN L. Fayetteville.
"Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness."

MITCHELL, NOLAN D. Greenway.
The chief of the "digger tribe."

MCCULLOCH, DODDRIDGE Marianna.
"Ye Scots, wha' ha' wi' Wallace fought?"

MCKAY, MARY ELIZABETH Ft. Smith.
"What is man, that thou art mindful of him?"

MOORE, HENRIETTA Cincinnati.
"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."

MYRICK, CHARLES E. Trenton.
"Wisdom 's thy gift, and all her force
From thee derived."

MURPHY, JOHN W. Texas.
"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower."

PHILLIPS, GRACE Fayetteville.
"She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen."

POPE, J. G. Taylor.
"Let me be no assistant for a State,
But keep a farm and pasture great."

REAGAN, ZENOS L. Fayetteville

"Alone of all my sons is he,
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity."

RHYNE, JAMES R. Ben Lomond

"He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic;
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side."

ROSS, J. H. Fayetteville

"Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend."

REED, KENNETH A. Gregory

"Look on me as a man abandoned o'er
To an eternal lethargy of love."

RHEA, WILLIAM H. Fayetteville

"With such a grace she pardoned all except his face."

REINBERGER, MAURICE L. Pine Bluff

"He left a name at which the world grew pale."

RISSER, ELIZABETH INEZ Fayetteville

"Fresh as April, sweet as May,
Bright as the morning star."

SADLER, WILLIAM L. Little Rock

"Full of sound and fury signifying nothing."

SMILIE, ROBERT P. Leslie

"Better a grim failure than a *smiling* success."

SNELL, VIRGIL K. Gathers

"He doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man."

SHIVEL, OTTO L. Kansas

An engineer, who has wheels in his head.

STELZNER, WILLIAM B. Oklahoma

"Heaven heard his song and hastened his relief."

SIVLEY, GEORGE M. Ellsworth

Whose satire on Democracy caused the defeat of Parker.

SPRADLIN, BRUCE A. Franklin

"So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kinds of arguments and questions deep
For his advantage still did wake and sleep."

SHORE, RENA BUCHANAN Fayetteville

"So unaffected, so composed a mind;
So firm, so soft, so strong, yet so refined."

SHOOK, SARAH Fayetteville

"In sooth I know not why I am so sad,
Unless it is because I am not merry."

STANLEY, JOSEPH H. Augusta.
"The light that lies in woman's eyes
Has been my heart's undoing."

THOMAS, BENJAMIN F. Fayetteville.
"Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whilst they behold a greater than themselves."

THOMAS, EMILY LOUISE Clarendon.
"Trust not too much in that enchanting face;
Beauty 's a charm, but soon the charm will pass."

TOWNSLEY, FREELAND P Little Rock.
"The child is father of the man."

TUCKER, M. E. Fayetteville.
"There be some women, Silvins, had they marked him,
Would have gone near to fall in love with him."

TYSON, WILLIAM C. Buena Vista.
"Mislike me not for my complexion."

UMBAUGH, OLLIE Springdale.
"Deign to be loved and every heart subdue;
What nymph could e'er attract such crowds as you!"

WATSON, JOHN T. Little Rock.
"The moping owl does to the moon complain."

WOOD, SHIRLEY Little Rock.
"A vile conceit in pompous words expressed."

WORTHINGTON, H. V. Harrison.
" 'T is power almighty bids him shine,
Nor bids him shine in vain."

WILSON, JAMES M. Evening Shade.
"Eternal blessings crowns my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling scratch the busy hen."

WELD, JEAN Marianna.
"Look on her face, and you 'll forget them all."

YORK, JOSEPH O. Bellefonte.
"In wit, a man; in simplicity, a child."



The Optimistic Freshman.

A Freshman am I, and I smoke my pipe,
And I spend my father's dough,
For I like the clink of my pater's chink,
And I like to make it go.

So I make it go as far as I can
By taking it with me on trips;
And I buy the beers and get the cheers
From all good fellows' lips.

But when it comes to Math and Psych,
And Latin and History and stuff,
I often get stuck, for it's hard to buck,
And some profs are hard to bluff.

Oh, the lines of a Freshie are sometimes hard,
But his fun makes up for it all;
And the praise he earns and the things he learns
Will save him many a fall.

I 'm the son of the son of my grand pa-pa,
And a wise old man was he;
So I expect in time toward fame to climb
By the aid of the "family tree."

A Freshie am I at the U. of A.
I shall strive for fortune and fame;
But at present my fate is to write '08
As the numerals after my name.

—*J. J. J.*

Freshman Class Roll.

'T is no lie, 't is no bluff!
Freshman Class, red hot stuff!
Hippety rah, hippety ray!
Freshmen, Freshmen, U. of A.!

B.A. and B.S.

Monte Thurston, Poet,	Crockett.
John Walter Akin,	McKinney, Tex.
Clyde Claude Elkins,	Fayetteville.
Lucy Sanders,	Fayetteville.
Irvin Keller,	Hot Springs.
Lucie Haskell,	Fayetteville.
Walter Reed May, Orator,	Clarksville.
Fred Allen Tillman,	Fayetteville.
Paul Key Hamilton,	Fayetteville.
Hugh Dinsmore Miser,	Pea Ridge.
Charles Albert Walls,	Lonoke.
Leda Houston,	Sulphur City.
Earl Valentine Bird,	Springdale.
Bess Trent,	Fayetteville.
Eddie Almon Reynolds,	Branch.
Fay Lenyard,	Pine Bluff.
Lynah Hamilton Davis,	Little Rock.
Claude McKinney Burrows, Captain Class Foot Ball Team,	Little Rock.

WILLIAM ROY STEVENS, ... Texarkana.
DAVID LUNE FORD, ... Webb City.
CLARENCE HERBERT WOODROUGH, ... Rhea.
ARTHUR MELVIN JONES, ... Poteau, I. T.
GEORGE DAVIS CHUM, ... Hollygrove.
CHARLES HAW LEWIS, ... Atkins.
CARL GUY DAVIS, ... Fayetteville.
RALPH WILLIS MAUCK, ... Bentonville.
OLLIE MAY GREATHOUSE, ... Johnson.
WILLIAM JETT, ... Little Rock.
MYRTLE ELLEN MILLER, Historian, ... Fayetteville.
GARLAND HURT, ... Newport.
JOSEPH KIRBY MAHONY, ... El Dorado.
ANNIE LONESA LAMBERTON, ... Harrison.
RALPH KNOX DUNN, ... Fayetteville.
HUGH SMITH PARISH, ... Newport.
JAMES QUINCY BLOCKWOOD, ... Newport.
EDITH SUTTON, Secretary, ... Fayetteville.
BERRY KING, ... Harrison.
WILSON LEE MISER, ... Pea Ridge.
MILLS DE WITT, ... Peter Pander.
DAVID EUGENE JOHNSON, ... Paris.
JESSE CONNOR MCDONALD, ... Augusta.
ALICIA JOHNSTON READ, Vice-President, ... Fayetteville.
GEORGE E. SANDERS, ... Lonoke.
JOHN LANE HUDDLESTON, ... Flippin.
RUTH BROUGH, ... Fayetteville.
LON ELA BARRETT, ... Jonesboro.
OSCAR EUGENE WILLIAMS, ... Fayetteville.
ALFRED JEFFERSON JEFFRIES, ... Clarendon.
A. D. COWLING, ... Cowlington, I. T.
JAMES LAFAYETTE CHILDS, ... Warren.
WILLIE LEORA WHITMORE, ... Fayetteville.
SAMUEL ROSS MORGAN, Treasurer, ... El Dorado.
EARNEST FLEET COOK, ... Texarkana.
EDWARD B. FUTRALL, ... Marianna.
GEORGE J. MOORE, Associate Editor CARDINAL, ... Bentonville.
JAMES LINNIEL PETITT, ... Poteau, I. T.



FRESHMAN CLASS.

LUTHER GORDON, JR., ... Morrilton
THOMAS DUANE EDLER, ... Jonesboro
JAMES YOWELL, B.S.A., ... Fayetteville
DUNNINGTON ARCHILUS YANCEY, ... Batesville
OSCAR DANIEL LANGSTON, ... Warren
THOMAS LESTER BLAKEMORE, ... Altus, I. T.

B.E.E. AND B.C.E.

C. G. DENT, ... Annieville
C. S. YARBOROUGH, ... Camden
W. H. GLOVER, Captain Base Ball Team, ... Little Rock
EUGENE SMITH, ... Rogers
C. H. SHEPERD, ... Texarkana
WILLIAM H. BEASLEY, ... Texarkana
A. STARBUCK, ... Rocky Comfort
W. V. SHERROD, ... Fayetteville
ALBERT H. DROKE, ... Fayetteville
EDWARD SMITH, ... Cotton Plant
M. F. THOMPSON, ... Rhea
M. B. WELLBORN, ... Howe, I. T.
HENRY L. GREEN, ... Searcy
DANE BLOCK, President, ... Vanndale
JAMES A. JACKSON, ... Paragould
ROBERT HUGH PRITCHETT, ... Batesville
W. S. FUHRMAN, ... Ft. Smith
J. L. HOLCOMB, ... Springdale
H. L. WESTBROOK, ... Pine Bluff
THOMAS P. MOCK, ... Fayetteville
F. L. MCMILLAN, ... Fayetteville
ZEB PETTIGREW JACKSON, ... Muskogee, I. T.
ROBERT I. BLACKSHIRE, ... Crockett
JOE M. SEMMES, ... Osceola
LYNN W. LANTRIP, ... Fayetteville
MICAJAH C. CROSS, JR., ... Pine Bluff
WILLIAM E. THOMPSON, ... Warren
J. M. LOCKE, ... Muskogee, I. T.
WALTER R. STOKES, ... Bentonville

HAL STACY, ... Vanndale.
C. C. WITHERSPOON, ... Lonoke.
OSCAR F. ELLIS, ... Fayetteville.
J. M. C. MCKINLEY, ... Garfield.
OKEY L. DAVIS, ... St. James.
A. L. RUSSELL, ... Texarkana.
EDWARD F. WOODSON, ... McCutain, I. T.
HARRY J. SWEANY, ... Bentonville.
JOSEPH C. WIGGINS, ... Cecil.
FRANK PRITCHETT, ... Batesville.
GEORGE WILLIAMS, ... Hot Springs.
JAMES H. MORTON, ... Fayetteville.
WILLIAM C. HIGHT, ... Fayetteville.
CLENTIS M. BECKETT, ... Pawlington, I. T.
LOVELL F. BECKETT, ... Pawlington, I. T.
THOMAS R. BRUNSON, ... Rock Creek.

M.E.

G. D. MCGRAW, ... Altus.
EDWIN GLASSBROOK, ... Millville.
E. C. BOLES, ... Fayetteville.
JESSE G. LITTLE, ... Lavaca.
J. H. BOSS, ... Fayetteville.
WALTER H. JOHNSON, Manager Athletics, ... Little Rock.
D. R. JENNINGS, ... Beebe.
I. COOK, ... Fayetteville.

An Ode to the Doubtful Case Committee.

I.

Exams and the Doubtful Case
And the O. D. comes for me,
And tells me a committee 's met,
Which I must go to see.

II.

And such a crowd of students goes along
To that same goal as I,
And when they near those awful Profs so stern
I hear them groan and sigh.

III.

Exams and Doubtful Case,
And after that, Oh, my!
And may there be no salty teardrops shed
When I shall say, "Good-bye."

IV.

For though from out this dear old happy place
The Profs say I must go,
I fear to meet my father face to face
Since I 've been flunking so.

Special Class Roll.

CLASS OFFICERS.

C. P. Seamans, ... *President.*
Irene Manning, ... *Vice-President.*
Sybil Mitchell, ... *Secretary.*
Henry Rector, ... *Treasurer.*
Filmore Lefler, ... *Associate Editor of Cardinal.*

CLASS ROLL.

Berry, F. H., ... Bentonville.
Belknap, J. R., ... Sulphur Springs.
Bishop, J. M., ... Fayetteville.
Bohart, Thurman, ... Fayetteville.
Bosman, A. W., ... Augusta.
Bryant, R. B., ... Nashville.
Burckett, J. R., ... Fayetteville.
Burton, M., ... Fayetteville.
Byrne, L. R., ... Luna Landing.
Catts, E. C., ... Washington.
Chandler, J. A., ... Fayetteville.
Cox, H. H., ... Lamar.
Cotham, F. E., ... Monticello.
Crawford, Ell, ... Prairie Grove.
Comstock, G. M., ... Uniontown.
Dean, H. W., ... Fayetteville.
Dinsmore, H. A., ... Fayetteville.
Droke, Mary, ... Fayetteville.
Eason, A. P., ... Fayetteville.
Finley, W., ... Jonesboro.
Grey, Stella, ... Batesville.
Gregg, A. W., ... Fayetteville.

Grundy, E. J.,	Fayetteville
Hicks, O. R.,	Lonoke
Hooper, E. K.,	Fayetteville
Hurst, J. H.,	Clarendon
Hutton, M. C.,	Little Rock
Johnson, Clare,	Fayetteville
Jones, R. R.,	Fayetteville
Larrabee, R. A.,	Fayetteville
Lefler, F. G.,	Scotland
Manning, Irene,	Clarendon
Martin, S. F.,	Fayetteville
Melton, C. L.,	Fayetteville
Mitchell, Sybil	Fayetteville
Moore, Myrtle,	Fayetteville
Moore, J. W.,	Arkadelphia
McCoy, C.,	Fayetteville
McCloud, B. J.,	Winslow
McCloud, W. D.,	Winslow
McDermott, Ben,	Dermott
McLeod, A. A.,	Ft. Smith
Nonnan, F. A.,	Fayetteville
Parker, A. C.,	Paris
Portnell, J. R.,	Fayetteville
Portis, F. G.,	Fayetteville
Rector, W. H.,	Gillham
Robbins, C.,	Searcy
Ross, Jewell,	Fayetteville
Sedwick, J. E.,	Fayetteville
Schicker, E. B.,	Camden
Seamans, P. S.,	Dermott
Tillman, J. W.,	Fayetteville
Trigg, T. E.,	Texarkana
Watson, E. P.,	Bentonville
Wilson, J. M.,	Evening Shade
Wilson, J. T.,	Junet
Wilson, Frank,	Fayetteville
Williams, R. W.,	Fayetteville
Wunnenburg, E.,	Cotton Plant



Special Class.

Special Class History.

The history of the Special Class in the past has been nothing more than a burlesque, but it is our purpose to give you a few facts concerning this deserving body of students.

Our Class is composed of those students who, for various reasons, have not desired to continue their work in the regular collegiate classes; it is composed of those who are preparing to take up some profession and are not disposed to take a degree. We also have on our roll students who are only preparing to enter some larger university. To say that the Special Class is composed of those who have failed to make their class, would be a gross injustice to those students who have just been mentioned. A more patriotic class can not be found. Upon all occasions we show our love for the dear old institution, and our Class is represented in almost all the athletic contests, and takes a great interest in the various literary societies. As for the present class, we predict a brilliant future. Some, no doubt, will return next year, while others will be numbered among that great body of men who are making every possible effort to be of the greatest service to their country. In this Class we have men who will perform great engineering feats; men who will be princes in the business world; men who will establish their reputation as statesmen and receive undying praise for the services rendered their nation.



"All the World's a stage"
And the many doctors in it
Are Ushers both ways.

FACULTY

OF THE

Medical Department of the University of Arpansas

HENRY SIMMS HARTZOG, LL.D.,	*Presiden*
JAMES ANTHONY DIBRELL, M. D.,	*Professor of Anatom*
EDWIN BENTLEY, M. D.,	*Professor of Surger*
CLAIBOURNE WATKINS, M. D.,	*Professor of the Practice of Medicin*
JAMES H. LENOW, A. M., M. D.,	*Professor of Diseases of Genito-Urinary Organ*
LOUIS R. STARK, M. D.,	*Professor of Gynecolog*
E. R. DIBRELL, M. D.,	*Professor of Physiolog*
F. L. FRENCH, M. D.,	*Professor of Anatom*
FRANK VINSONHALER, M. D.,	*Professor of Ophthalmology and Otolog*
THOMAS N. ROBERTSON, A. B., LL.B.,	*Professor of Chemistry and Toxicolog*
WILLIAM HAMILTON MILLER, M. D.,	*Professor of Obstetric*
CARLE E. BENTLEY, M. D.,	*Professor of Clinical Surgery and Dermatolog*
E. E. MOSS, A. M., LL.B.,	*Professor of Legal Medicin*
CALEB EWIN WITT, M. D.,	*Adjunct Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutic*
MORGAN SMITH, M. D.,	
ANDERSON WATKINS,	*Acting Professor of Physiolog*
W. C. DUNAWAY, M. D.,	*Demonstrator of Anatom*

Jokes and the Joked.

Many medical men's motto: "When the roll is called up yonder (in the amphitheater), I'll be there."

In January, Dr. Dibrell made Dr. Routh "first baseman on malaria."

The leading event of January at the Medical College was a clinical demonstration of the differential diagnosis of pneumonia with consolidation, and pleurisy with effusion, by Dr. W. D. Irby, otherwise known as "Texas."

Miss Oberholtzer accidentally dropped her note-book one day. Dr. Utley, a veritable Chesterfield, gallantly picked it up for her, whereupon Dr. Judd said: "Utley, you will have to keep your eye on her; she drops her note-book on purpose." Dr. Utley, admitting more than he intended: "I 've had my eye on her ever since school opened."

At Harris's studio the photographer attempted to call Dr. Wayman from the depths of his collar, like calling "doodle-bugs" from their homes in the sand. Dr. Wayman, unable to extricate his head from the intricacies of said collar, was graciously assisted by his fellow-sufferers.

By authority of Uncle Sam, Dr. Shinn's name was changed to "Shine."

By the aid of the microscope, a particle of dust was discovered on Dr. Judd's shoes.

January 1—February 28: "*Jam satis terris nivis atque diræ*
Grandinis misit pater, et rubente
Dextera sacras iaculatus arcis
Terrint urbem."

As a result of the above state of the weather, Dr. E. R. Dibrell contracted a violent case of influenza, from which he suffered constantly for weeks together till an old lady recommended Boschee's German Cough Syrup. He tried it, and one bottle completely cured him, and he now heartily recommends it to the students in the Medical College, and uses it in his practice. He can confidently say that Boschee's German Cough Syrup, with plenty of fresh air and careful attention to diet, will do more for influenza than all the doctors combined. He thinks every one should know that there is relief from pain in every bottle of Boschee's German Cough Syrup.

A colored patient, on coming from under the anæsthetic and seeing Miss Hardin standing near, thought he had died during the operation and gone to heaven, and that the angels were hovering near; but, on seeing the surgeon and his male assistants, he decided that he had gone to Hades.

Dr. Stark inadvertently asks "Mr." Oberholtzer to recite, while Dr. Bentley, the elder, persists in quizzing "Miss" Martin and "Miss" Pratt. The preface to Dr. Routh's answer: "Well-er-er-er-ah-ah-let-me-see, I think, Doctor ———."

Dillard got sick and was out of school
A great deal more than 's the Seniors' rule;
But he said: "Why, Shaw! Of course I 'll pass.
Am I not the weightiest man in the class?
Is my avoirdupois not two hundred or more?
Just show me a solider man, I implore."
But Shaw thought he couldn't, and said: "Let 's wait,
For the ides of April seal every one's fate."

Senior Medical Class.

Motto: *"Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur."*

J. A. SIMMONS,	*Class Presider*
J. F. CRUMP,	*Vice-Presider*
A. S. BUCHANAN,	*Secretar*
ABBOTT, C. C.,	Cherry Ridge,
ALFORD, T. F.,	Umpire.
ALLEN, R. L.,	Choska, I. T.
BERRY, F. O.,	Drake's Creek.
BERRYMAN, L. D.,	Russellville.
BUCHANAN, A. S.,	Prescott.
CASON, J. R.,	Arkadelphia.
CRUMP, J. F.,	Kedron.
DE JARNATT, J. W.,	Guy.
DILLARD, W. H.,	Zion.
GREENE, W. C.,	Little Rock.
HARDIN, NINA V.,	Fayetteville.
HATHAWAY, A. H.,	Pontotoc, I. T.
HERRON, W. T.,	Gritts, I. T.
HUGHES, F. A.,	Prescott.
JUDD, O. K.,	Little Rock.
LONG, NELLIE L.,	Little Rock.
MARTIN, J. W.,	Plum Bayou.
MCDONALD, C. S.,	Spearsville, La.
MCFERRIN, J. O.,	Jasper.
MCMATH, J. T.,	Hillsboro.
OATES, L. T.,	Oppello.
OBERHOLTZER, OLLIE,	Little Rock.
PATE, L. H.,	Wooster.
POWELL, J. W.,	Springfield.
PRATT, J. B.,	Natchez, La.
QUIDOR, J. E.,	Argenta.
ROUTH, C. M.,	Batavia.
SHAW, J. B.,	Buckville.
SHINN, T. J.,	Yardelle.
SIMMONS, J. A.,	Hensley.
UTLEY, V. T.,	Beebe.
WAYMAN, A. K.,	Little Rock



Senior Medical Class.

Junior Medical Class.

HARRY D. BOGART, ... *Preside*
J. W. BUSH, ... *Vice-Preside*
F. L. NELSON, ... *Secreta*

ATKINS, W. T., ... Bates
BAINES, SWARTS, ... Harrison.
BOGART, HARRY D., ... Wheatley.
BRAZZEL, R. D., ... Moro Bay.
BURNETT, M. C., ... Wooster.
BUSH, J. W., ... Hot Springs.
BUTLER, V. V., ... Witcherville.
COFFEE, O. T., ... Conway, I. T.
COFFMAN, J. S., ... Barling.
COLE, C. F., ... Shaw.
DAILY, J. N., ... Black Fork.
GLOVER, A. J., ... Guy.
GOODWIN, "BILLIE," Little Rock.
HODGES, E. E., ... Little Rock.
HARRIS, C. L., ... Melbourne.
HATHAWAY, W. G., ... Provence, I.
HAYS, J. F., ... Scottsville.
HOLIMAN, J. E. T., ... Redfield.
HORTON, NEAL, ... Plummerville.
HUGHES, F. T., ... Burtsel.
IRBY, W. D., ... Elk, I. T.
JOHNSTON, S. C., ... Kingsland.



JUNIOR MEDICAL CLASS.

Johnson, N. J.,	Newburg, I. T.
Kessinger, J. S.,	Quitman.
King, Edgar,	Little Rock.
King, K. W.,	Mountain View
King, R. R.,	Little Rock.
Lester, W. T.,	Little Rock.
Linzey, C. B.,	Balloon.
Luck, J. L.,	Riddle.
Mabry, Tom,	Holland.
Mayfield, A. M.,	Upland.
McGraw, S. J.,	Wesson.
Moore, W. T.,	Marshall.
Morton, E. L.,	Beebe.
Muse, J. M.,	Conway.
Nelson, F. L.,	Prescott.
Nougher, R. T.,	Tillar.
Oliver, R. B.,	Simms, Tex.
Robert, J. L.,	Murfreesborough
Ross, T. A.,	Arkadelphia.
Smith, H. H.,	Calico Rock.
Thompson, C. E.,	College Hill.
Thompson, G. R.,	Little Rock.
Taylor, W. L.,	Guertie, I. T.
Thompson, A. P.,	Spiro, I. T.
Tipton, W. C.,	Little Rock.
White, L. W.,	England.
Wilkinson, S. L.,	Little Rock.
Wilson, J. W.,	Knoxville.

In Memoriam.

Respect and reverence of the living for the dead have ever been characteristic of enlightened and civilized men. And this sentiment is creditable to the living. Its effect is elevating and ennobling to the race. It has given rise to such services as the simple ceremonial of the lowly, and such religious rites as the funeral oration, the gorgeous pageant, and the magnificent mausoleum which love raises to the memory of those who have been distinguished among their fellows. It is this feeling which prompts us to give unrestrained though humble testimony to the exceeding worth of our well-loved Dean, Dr. James Anthony Dibrell, and to give expression to our sorrow over his death. Come when it would, to us his death would have seemed untimely.

We venerate the virtues of this great man, who "sleeps the sleep that knows no waking, till Christ shall bid him rise." His memory will ever be dear to the hearts of the medical men of Arkansas, and will remain enthroned in the hearts of his students and colleagues, who loved him so devotedly and whom he loved so well.

Death found Dr. Dibrell at the zenith of his achievements, at the head of his profession. He was both benevolent and beneficent. He was a real philanthropist—none was so charitable as he. He was an anatomist without a superior, if not without a peer. Yet here, in the midst of the delights and glories for which his past appeared the preparation, the All-powerful proclaimed a pause.

"Death takes us by surprise
And stays our hurrying feet;
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete."

With tender hands his devoted friends laid this mighty chieftain to rest. We realize all too keenly that this man of Christian character and lofty life will be with us here no more forever; but his influence will be endless as eternity.

A faithful friend, a fond father, a conscientious counselor, a sublime scholar, a scientific surgeon has passed away. But so well had he performed life's labors that when the call came to join "the innumerable caravan that moves to the pale realms of shade, where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death," he went not "like the quarry slave at night, scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust," approached his grave "like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

—*The Medical Senior Class.*

As We See Ourselves.

ABBOTT'S a Senior of dignified mien,
The very most stately among us, I ween.
He seems to be neither envious nor jealous,
Nor to harbor grudges against the fellows.
No matter what teachers and students have said,
He promptly "heaps coals of fire on their head."

Then, there 's ALFORD, whose lily-white hands
Are the cleanest and best kept in many lands.
Little need of antiseptics has he,
For from noxious germs his hands are free.
So while other surgeons with soap and water,
Which latter they 've heated hotter and hotter,
And applied so violently with scrubbing brush
That they wear the integuments off of the flesh,
And soaked their hands in permanganate
And oxalic acid from early till late—
I say while these are getting ready
He's operating, firm and steady,
Saving from jeopardy of life and limb
All those whose good fortune bring them to him.

R. L. ALLEN, called "Cherokee Bill,"
Thinks that the good in Arkansas 's *nil;*
So, when he graduates, to our sorrow and pain,
Arkansas's loss will be the Territory's gain.

A. S. BUCHANAN, familiarly called "Buck,"
Is a youth of much learning and even more pluck.
When they ask him a question he promptly casts round
For words of "long length and thundering sound";
And in deep base tones he answers out loud
So correctly that of him we all feel proud.

L. D. BERRYMAN, of Russellville, Ark.,
Is the Class's chemist, and he 'll make his mark.
His services are very much in demand
When "writing reactions" is on hand.
Of course, no student tries to shirk
And let Dr. Berryman do his work;
But it 's perfectly right to help them out
When they don't know exactly what they 're about.

DR. J. F. CRUMP's our all-round man,
And we consider him chief of the clan.
Bright as he is, he 's good to us all.
And deigns to assist the great and small.
From egotism he is as free
As it 's possible for mortal man to be.

At this late date DR. DEJARNETT
Is beginning quite economical to get—
He doesn't like to read the texts
For fear of wearing out his specs.
(His specs are new, and now you know
The reason that he saves them so).

One day a reckless little fly
That neither cared to live nor die
Lighted on the front of HATHAWAY'S head
And slipped off on the floor stone dead.

J. R. CASON 's a preacher's son,
Who has a keen sense of humor and fun.
He 's the sweetest singer in all the school
(A musician 's the exception and not the rule);
And, too, he 's the youngest man in the Class,
But I promise you 'll find him as sure to pass

As if he 'd been born about the year one,
Or with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob had run.

Dr. Martin, of Plum Bayou,
The "Jeff-Davis-looking man," you know,
Is one of the very best men in school,
And follows more closely the Golden Rule
Than any Medic, far or near,
Has been known to do for many a year.

F. A. Hughes, the man with the dimple,
Is anything in the world but simple,
And one of the handsomest men in the Class—
At least that 's the judgment the women folks pass;
For he 's a man of fine physique,
And then that dimple in his cheek!

When the scribe, on his mission, went to Miss Hardin,
She said: "My friend, I beg your pardon,
But I was born the Lord only knows when,
For that 's a secret not told to men;
Be assured, though, that from senility
And its ravages I hope for a while to be free";
But the scribe feared not, and wrote St. Peter
To hold himself constantly in readiness to greet her,
For he knew she'd reach heaven, but she'd get there late
So he begged St. Peter to hold open the gate,
For she wouldn't enjoy heaven and its glory sublime
If she should, by accident, get there on time.

The three Dr. Mc's are much the same
In other respects than the first of their name.
All three are married, and each one's wife
Is the pride of his home and the joy of his life;
And each will be glad for the time to come
When he 'll get through school and go back home.

F. O. Berry takes the prize
On "sawing wood and looking wise."
When a Dr. puts a question to him,
And the answer seems in his mind to be dim,

He 'll "hem" and "haw" till he gains the time
To fix up an answer that 's simply sublime.

L. T. Oates and Dr. Pate
To miss a question truly hate;
And it 's a thing they seldom do,
For they learn their lessons through and through
Till they say them up and down the line,
Forward and backward, equally fine.

Quidor and Wayman are good to their wives
And intend to be throughout their lives;
For this is just as the Lord intended,
That the weak should be by the strong defended;
And they, like true knights, would bleed and die
Before they 'd let harm their ladies come nigh.

J. A. Simmons, our Class President,
During all of last session a-courting went,
And "in a neat and ready way"
Wore all his good clothes every day;
And during vacation their troth they plighted,
And in holy wedlock were united;
And now he speaks of "home" and "my wife"
Just like he 'd been married all his life.

In the case of Herron 't was decreed by fate
That he should enter the Class quite late;
But, as the men in the vineyard of old,
By the Lord of the harvest were kindly told
That those who came at the eleventh hour
Should receive the self-same dower
As those who came at break of day—
We trust that with him this will be the pay.

Miss Oberholtzer, a very hard student,
In everything is quite prim and prudent.
She belongs to the sect that 's known as Adventist,
And the eating of flesh they sorely repentest;
For the strictest vegetarians are they,
Who argue Scripture and preach and pray;

And, as the old monks cared for pediculi,
They are equally loath to see God's creatures die.

Dr. Thomas J. Shinn, his father's own son,
In the college an excellent course has run.
In anatomy he is so very wise
That we all look on him with envious eyes;
Except Crump and Simmons and Alford and Judd,
Who in the same branch are exceedingly good.

William Green—he 's from Battle Creek;
Of this place, no doubt, you 've heard folks speak.
He 's a right good fellow; but he does despise—
Nay, verily, abominates—the whole race of flies.
When he makes a dive for one it says its prayers
And for eternity promptly prepares;
For from Dan to Beersheba he 'd chase one 'round
If he did not sooner run it aground.

V. T. Utley, the man from Beebe,
Is the biggest monkey you ever did see.
At first sight you 'd think of naught in defense
Of one who shows no symptoms of sense;
But when better acquainted the symptoms appear,
And shortly your diagnosis is clear
Of mental ability of great magnitude,
And a disposition so cheery and good
That, far from thinking him a perfect donkey,
You think him a mixture of man and monkey.

Powell's heart goes pit-a-pat
When the Drs. quiz him on this and that;
He does not miss, but he fears he will
Till the thought of it almost makes him ill;
Then he answers up as nice as you please,
And this seems to give him comfort and ease.

One of our gentlemen is J. B. Pratt,
Who 's gallant and courteous and such as that,
But not more so than the other men,
Who, during their whole course, polite have been;

For there 's not a mixed medical in all the earth
So many of whose students have sterling worth,
And who seem this quality to appreciate
In each man and woman who is their schoolmate.

O. K. JUDD, as his initials imply,
Is "all right" in everything under the sky.
He 's always faultlessly attired,
As if to naught else he aspired;
The finest shoes that look so neat
Are always seen upon his feet;
His haberdasher and tailor, too,
Just try how well that they can do;
To these is added every grace
Of intellect and form and face.

CHARLIE ROUTH loves tobac,
And full many a sack
Does he pile in a stack
From which he has smoked
His beloved tobac.
He thought to reform,
Ere the weather got warm,
Could do no harm;
But giving it up
Soon caused him alarm;
For he couldn't eschew
Whole days and nights through,
So what did he do?
Why, back to his loved
Tobacco he flew.

A Leaf from a Student's Diary.

(Covering a Period of Seven Days.)

Monday.—The breakfast bell woke me up at seven o'clock. I turned over and asked my "Old Lady" if it was n't Saturday morning. Only five minutes in which to eat my breakfast. Rushed back to my room and prepared my lesson for the first period. Got to Chapel just in time, 8:20. Spent the second period preparing my lessons for the third and fourth periods. Flunked most gloriously the fourth. Prepared my lesson for the seventh and after drill took a walk down to Shuler-town to buy a note book. Settled down and prepared my lessons for Tuesday.

Tuesday.—Rose at 6:45. Cleaned up my room after breakfast. Nothing unusual happened to-day—only I did n't flunk. Played ball awhile after drill. Wasted half the night in talking.

Wednesday.—Only had three periods and one of these was a lecture. So I did n't fare so badly after all. Spent part of the afternoon in reading magazines in the Library. Went to a lecture in the Chapel to-night, by Caveny, the cartoonist.

Thursday.—I flunked again most gloriously in Chemistry. Resolved to get up my lessons for Friday if I had to study my eyes out. Got into an argument with DeLoney about the Russo-Japanese war. Worked until 12:10 on Latin Composition.

Friday.—Flunked to-day worse than I did yesterday. After the seventh period English Class was over I came back to my room worn out and disgusted with myself. Resolved to do better next week or bust. Went down to meet the five o'clock train for a little recreation. After supper went to the Literary Society. Planned to do everything to-morrow.

Saturday.—Though I had planned to do everything to-day I did nothing. A typical Saturday at the Dorm. Cleaned up my room and got ready for inspection. The mail came; read my county paper; wrote a letter home. Commandant came around to inspect my room; "raked me over the coals"; went to dinner feeling rather disconsolate; came away feeling not much better. Went to town in the afternoon to do some shopping. Bought a pair of shoe strings. Spent the rest of the afternoon reading the Saturday Evening Post and playing ball. Wasted the whole night talking. Retired ot 11:30.

Sunday.—Attended Sunday School and Church in the morning—(I hardly ever do both the same Sunday). Went to Y. M. C. A. at 2:30. Spent the rest of the afternoon in writing letters. Went to see my——, a young lady friend. Retired at 11:59.

Law Department.

OFFICERS.

HENRY S. HARTZOG,
President.

J. H. CARMICHAEL, LL.B.,
Dean.

THOMAS N. ROBERTSON, LL.B.,
Secretary.

FACULTY.

J. H. CARMICHAEL, LL.B.,
Contracts, Equity, and Corporations.

JOHN FLETCHER, LL.M.,
Real Property.

GEORGE W. MURPHY, LL.B.,
Law of Evidence.

T. M. MEHAFFY, LL.B.,
Law of Torts.

A. M. FULK,
Conflict of Laws.

LEWIS RHOTON, LL.B.,
Criminal Law.

THOMAS N. ROBERTSON, LL.B.,
Agency Commercial Paper.

THOMAS E. HELM, LL.B.,
Fraudulent Conveyances.

JUDGE JACOB TRIEBER, LLB.

Senior Class.

OFFICERS.

Fred N. McDonald,	*President.*
Edgar E. Cochran,	*Vice-President.*
Prentiss E. Rowe,	*Secretary.*
W. B. Toney,	*Class Prophet.*
J. T. Castle,	*Class Poet.*
Thomas E. Rutherford,	*Class Historian.*
Chester Holland,	*Associate Editor Cardinal.*
W. T. Scoggins,	*Class Orator.*

MEMBERS.

	County.
W. J. Apple	Lonoke.
J. T. Castle	Yell.
E. E. Cochran	Little River.
A. D. Du Laney	Little River.
J. T. Hobbs	Pulaski.
R. C. Holland	Sebastian.
F. W. McDonald	Pulaski.
P. E. Rowe	Sebastian.
T. E. Rutherford	Garland.
W. T. Scoggins	Garland.
W. O. Williams	Garland.
R. H. Dudley	Clay.
J. D. Roundtree	Pike.
W. B. Toney	Allen, I. T.
J. P. Baker	Grant.



SENIOR LAW CLASS.

Senior Class History.

(Law Department.)

Wielding the pen of the historian of the past history of the Class of '05 of the Law Department is by no means a wearisome task; but the future historian of this Class will write in glowing terms the history of a grand State, made famous by the members of this Class. Time only can tell to what height their fame will reach, or what latitude will hear their names.

It is true, at the present time little history has been made by them; their history will be in the future. It will take a Hempstead or a Shinn to chronicle their deeds on the page of the State's and the Nation's history.

With the completion of a new State Capitol new Solons will make their appearance—new Governors, Senators, Judges, and any others that may be needed to perform the duties of the State. And the Class of '05 will not be found lacking.

The Law

(By a Student.)

Once there was a presumption
That all men knew the law;
But what gave rise to this presumption
Is what I never saw.
For here I have been digging
For nigh two years or more,
And every day brings something
I never knew before.
I find in contracts many times
Things are not what I guessed,
And many times there exists a contract,
Though none has been expressed.
I also find in agency
The superior must still respond,
Though the agent overlap his agency,
And has in fact gone beyond.
I further find that corporations
Issue an immense amount of stock,
And that most of it is watered;
Then comes a cold and cruel shock—
The thing turns out wrong,
And leaves you in a squeeze;
Then the watered corporation bursts
By a financial freeze.
There are many other points of law
That I can't just make go;
But I guess I 'll pass them up,
For I 'm presumed to know

Cuts and Grinds.

(*Law Department.*)

1. The common law looked upon the husband and wife as one and the husband was that one; the statute makes husband and wife two and looks upon the wife as that two.

2. If all the cuts from the classes were recorded they would constitute the majority of our records.

3. Corporations are invisible, intangible beings that have no body to be kicked or soul to be damned.

4. Equity, like a gallant courtier, regards woman as a favorite and as subject to its protection. It regards that as done which ought to be done and throws its willing arms about her

5. Never appeal a case on the fact that God knows you are right, but stand by the record.

6. If a man stores wheat and it is destroyed by rats, it is to be considered as the act of a public enemy, rather than the act of God.

7. Students are presumed to know the law, but this may be rebutted and the contrary established.

8. If an attorney's fee came, like an express package, C. O. D., the world would seem a brighter place for some lawyers.

9. The definition that "a corporation is a legal entity" might leave room for some close observer to remark that some entities have a startling affinity for water.

10. Man wants but little for his pay,
But wants that pay spot cash;
The J. P. wants just $10 per day
In wood or coal or hash.

11. Mr. Scoggins, in pleading a case before the Moot Court, called the attention of the jury to the fact that in considering the weight to be given the statements of a witness, they should take into consideration his manner of testifying and his misdemeanors on the stand.

12. February 12, 1905—This is a red-letter day in our history: Williams answers a question.

13. Mr. Reed defines a felony to be an "offense punishable by imprisonment or by imprisonment and death in the penitentiary."

14. Lecturer: "Would you say stealing a kiss would be grand or petit larceny?" Student: "I should think it would be grand!"

15. Judge Robertson: "Mr. Williams, what is the meaning of detinue?" Mr. W. (hesitating): "I should think you could turn it around and it would mean a new debt."

Class Prophecy.

(*Law Department.*)

APPLE.—A man of fruitful mind, whose legal pathway will be strewn with flowers of success.

CASTLE.—Having a strong hold on the law, he will ever be a secure refuge for his clientage.

COCHRAN.—A man of wise council and resourceful mind; will win renown and wear laurels of success.

DUDLEY.—His sound discretion and level-headed judgment eminently fit him for a great civil lawyer.

DULANEY.—A schemer, politician, and lawyer by nature; nothing but honor and success await him.

HOBBS.—A man of dignified appearance; a leader of men; surely the "woolsack" awaits him.

HOLLAND.—Has great legal and political possibilities, and will some day stand in the council halls of his country.

MCDONALD.—The legal mind of a Blackstone will place him in the front ranks of the legal profession.

ROUNDTREE.—Will grow and prosper in the legal profession.

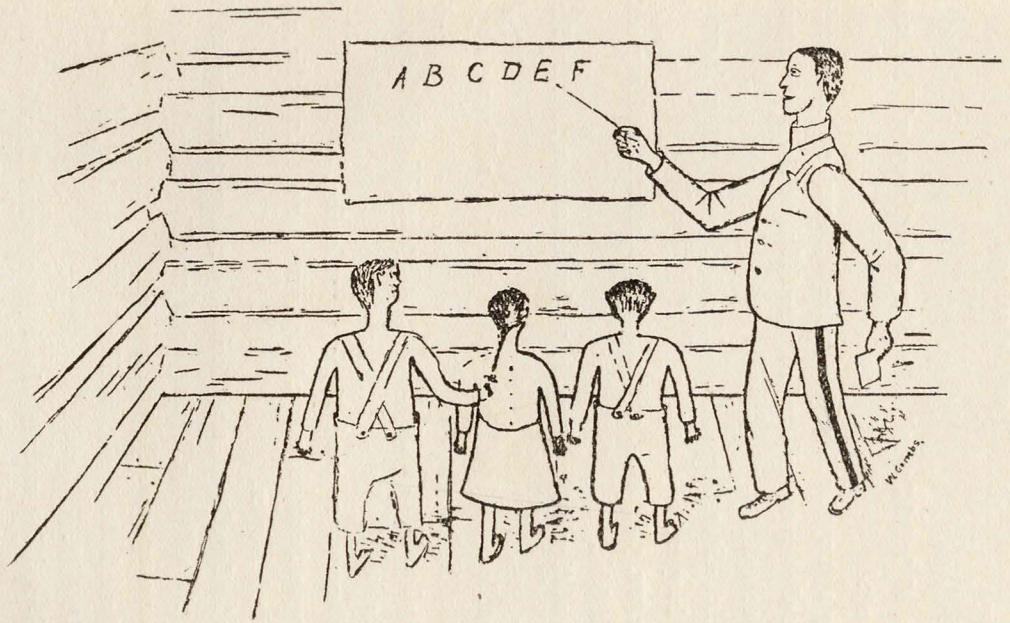
ROWE.—His eloquence as an orator, his passion for the dramatic, will make him a great criminal lawyer.

RUTHERFORD.—A born leader of men, a politician by nature, and a lawyer by practice.

SCOGGINS.—Formerly a banker, but now a man of law; the biggest-hearted Democrat the writer ever saw. He will succeed.

TONEY.—A natural fraternalist; familiar with the law; nothing but eminent success awaits him.

WILLIAMS.—His philosophic mind and pleasing manners will make him popular and win him success.



In the good old Summer Time.


ATHLETICS

Athletic Association.

Officers.

J. CHAPMAN, JR. *President.*

FRANK FERGUS *Secretary.*

Board of Directors.

PROF. J. C. FUTRALL *Chairman.*

J. CHAPMAN *Secretary.*

CAPTAIN LANNING PARSONS *Treasurer.*

Members.

Professor Futrall and Captain Lanning Parsons Members from Faculty.

C. O. Phillips and J. R. Bloom Members from Alumni.

B. M. Kitchens and A. H. Beard Student Members.

J. Chapman, Jr President of Athletic Association.



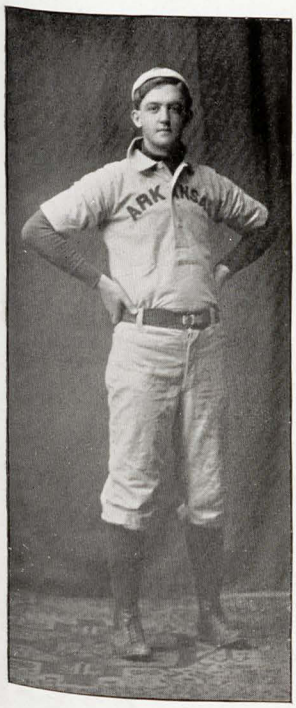
ATHLETIC BOARD.

When.

When Black turns White and White turns Brown,
And Brown yet turns to Gray;
And Frost falls on the Berry's leaf
Right in the month of May;
When Murphy steps on Tucker's Oates,
And Blakemore breaks his Shinn;
And days are Green—then, O my soul!
Oh, what will happen then!

When Sadlers take to cutting Wood,
And Butlers swipe the Pye,
And Cooks don't pick the Feathers off
The chickens that they Fry;
When Rice grows on the mountain Peak,
Where Carter Hunts the hen;
When Long is Short—then, O my soul!
Oh, what will happen then!

When Bowers Gaines a Little ease,
And Gardner reaps the Rye,
And Fields are filled with spider Webbs,
Where Martins catch the fly;
When Forrests do not have a Hill,
And Peaks don't have a glen;
When Catts are dead—then, O my soul!
Oh, what will happen then!



DAVE BLOCK,
Captain of Base Ball Team.



EARL ANDRIX,
Captain of Track Team.



JESS MOORE,
Captain of Foot Ball Team.



B. M. KITCHENS,
Manager of Base Ball Team.



W. E. DICKINSON,
Manager of Foot Ball Team.



C. H. BUFORD,
Manager of Track Team.

First Foot Ball Team.

Culwell *Center*

Olney *Left Guard*

Childs *Right Guard*

Mullins *Right Tackle*

Milford *Left Tackle*

Wood *Left End*

Eason *Right End*

Jett *Quarter Back*

Moore *Full Back*

Bloom *Right Half*

Hutton *Left Half*

SUBS:

Buford, De Loney, Schicker, McGregor.

W. E. Dickinson *Manager*

Jess Moore *Captain*

A. D. Brown *Coach*



First Foot Ball Team.

Second Foot Ball Team.

Buford *Left End*

Mauck *Left Tackle*

Cooper *Left Guard*

Langston *Center*

Phillips *Right Guard*

De Loney *Right Tackle*

Friedell *Right End*

Johnson *Quarter Back*

Van Valkenburgh *Left Half*

Mitchell *Right Half*

Glassbrook *Full Back*

SUBS:

Grundy, Senyard, Catts, Sherrod, Schicker, Stanley, Bird.

J. S. Harris *Manager*

Wm. Van Valkenburgh *Captain*

U. of A. vs. Fort Smith 11—5

U. of A. vs. O. B. A 6—5

U. of A. vs. Fort Smith 12—0

U. of A. vs. O. B. A 28—0



SECOND FOOT BALL TEAM.

FIRST BASE BALL TEAM.

Robbins *Catcher*

Dave Block, Arch Reeves *Pitchers*

J. T. Watson *First Base*

G. T. Bohart *Second Base*

Joe Benard *Third Base*

Neeley Black *Short Stop*

Tom Trigg *Left Field*

R. F. Hyatt *Center Field*

J. H. Stanley *Right Field*

Subs.—Cecil and Leverett.

B. M. Kitchens *Manager*

Dave Block *Captain*

Games Played up to Date of Publication of Cardinal

'Varsity *vs.*	Springfield Normal	14— 1
'Varsity "	Rolla	8— 3
'Varsity "	Rolla	4— 5
'Varsity "	Drury	9— 4
'Varsity "	Rolla	6— 5
'Varsity "	Rolla	5— 3
'Varsity "	M. S. U	2— 3
'Varsity "	M. S. U	3—11
'Varsity "	C. B. C	5— 9



First Base Ball Team.

SECOND BASE BALL TEAM.

Milford.....*Catcher*

Russel, Dinsmore.....*Pitchers*

Tillman.....*First Base*

Kimball.....*Second Base*

Mitchell.....*Third Base*

De Loney.....*Short Stop*

Burrows.....*Left Field*

Bell.....*Center Field*

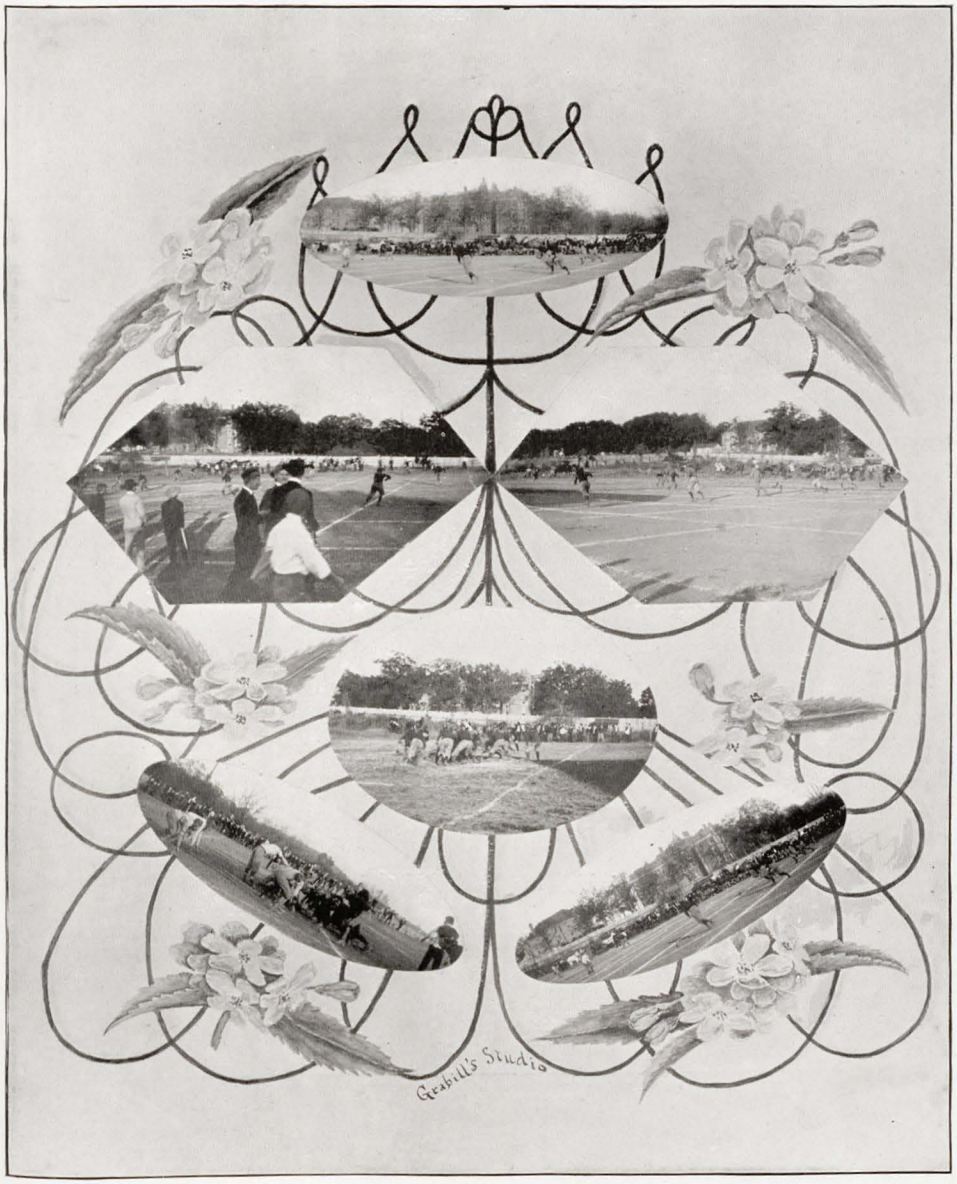
Jeffries.....*Right Field*

Dan. K. Sadler, *Manager*

Fletcher Kimball, *Captain*

'Varsity *vs.* Fort Smith High School..... 14— 4

'Varsity " Fort Smith High School..... 9— 4



Foot Ball Snap Shots.

UNIVERSITY OF ARKANSAS
LIBRARY

Track Team.

Earl Andrix, A. H. Beard,

G. C. Baker, William Jett,

T. E. Trigg, W. L. Winters,

D. K. Sadler, Claude Burrows,

H. C. Cantwell.

C. H. Buford..... *Manager*

Earl Andrix..... *Captain*



TRACK TEAM.

First Basket Ball Team.

Manager.....Mrs. M. H. White

Referee.....Miss Lillian Hooper

Umpire.....H. B. Van Valkenburgh

Captain.....Miss Beaulah Williams

Miss Jessie Smith,
Miss Ruth Crozier,
Miss Mary Shannon,
Miss Zella Bryan,
Miss Carrie Van Valkenburgh,
Miss Willie Whitmore,
Miss Madge Campbell,
Miss Lucile Barry.

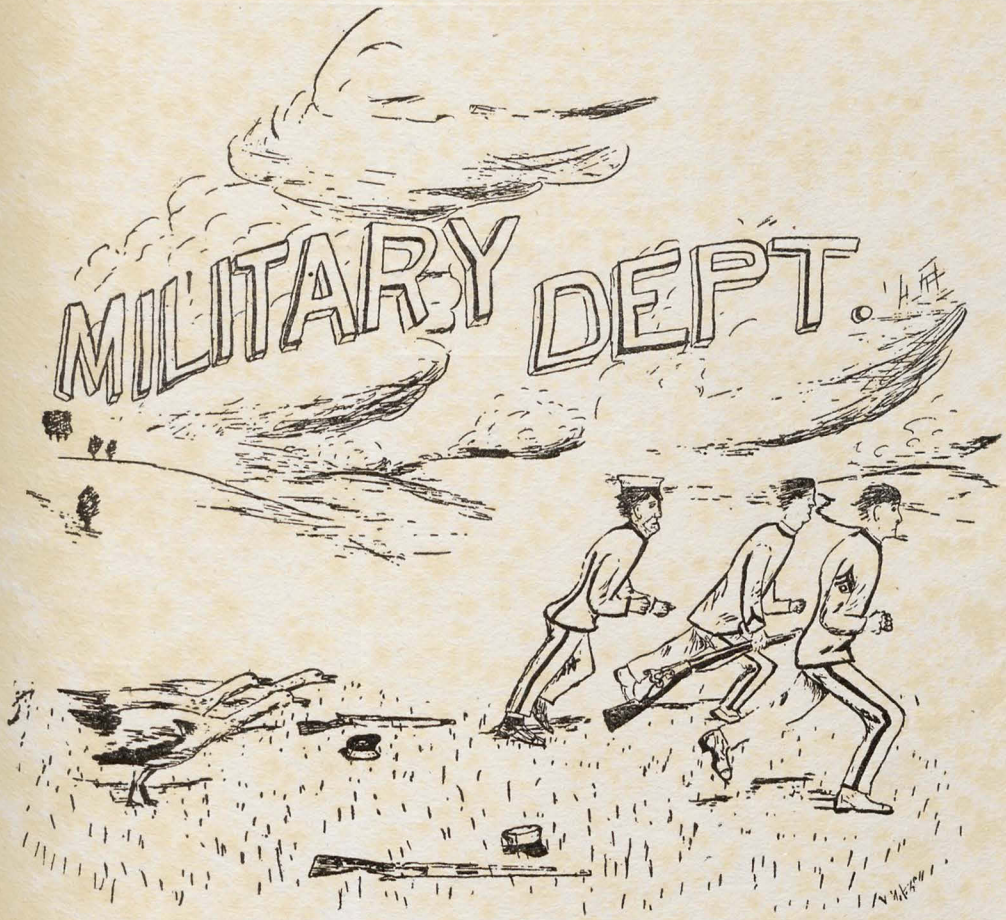


Basket Ball Team.



The College Widow

O look sublime! O smile so sweet!
There's beauty in its loftiest height!
A king would fall to kiss thy feet
And lose his soul to greet thine eye,
From which beams forth the lovely light
Of a soul where love can never die!



University of Arkansas
LIBRARY.

Military Staff.

Captain Lanning Parsons, Eighth Cavalry, U. S. Army,	*Commandant.*
C. P. Wilson,	*Lieutenant and Adjutant.*
A. D. Pope,	*Lieutenant and Quartermaster.*
J. K. Mahony,	*Sergeant-Major.*
M. K. Orr,	*Quartermaster-Sergeant.*
D. K. Sadler,	*Color-Sergeant.*



COMMANDANT AND STAFF.

Captains and Commissioned Officers.

E. E. Mashburn, ... Captain Company "A."

J. M. Borders, ... Captain Company "B."

A. W. Gregg, ... Captain Company "C."

C. E. Dalton, ... Captain Company "D."

C. W. Brunskog, ... Captain Company "E."

S. Deane, ... Captain Company "F."

Lieutenants.

Terry Field,
Co. "A."

W. C. Holland,
Co. "A."

H. R. Carter,
Co. "A."

W. L. Winters,
Co. "B."

T. A. Collins,
Co. "B."

T. C. Mullins,
Co. "B."

C. T. Harding,
Co. "C."

C. D. Nordmeyer,
Co. "C."

M. E. Jacks,
Co. "D."

J. B. Stanford,
Co. "D."

K. C. Key,
Co. "D"

E. W. Brockman,
Co. "E."

C. H. Buford,
Co. "E."

L. L. Campbell,
Co. "E."

J. S. Gardner,
Co. "F."

D. N. Black,
Co. "F."



OFFICERS.

Cadet Band.

BARR, FRANK.....*Band Master*
MITCHELL, O. C.....*Chief Musician*
FEATHERS, J. E.....*Principal Musician*
LUEKER, C. G.....*Drum Major*

SERGEANTS.

Bryant, W. C.
Pritchard, V. F.
McLeod, A. A.

CORPORALS.

Wilson, J. M.
Melton, C.
Strong, J. C.
Tucker, M. E.
Mauck, R. M.
Leister, L. B.
Ellison, W. L.

PRIVATES.

Leister, A. H.
Abercrombie, E.
Lewis, J. A.
Nicks, H.
Johnson, D. E.
Revel, J. W.
Tucker, J. R.
Tucker, M. C.



CADET BAND.

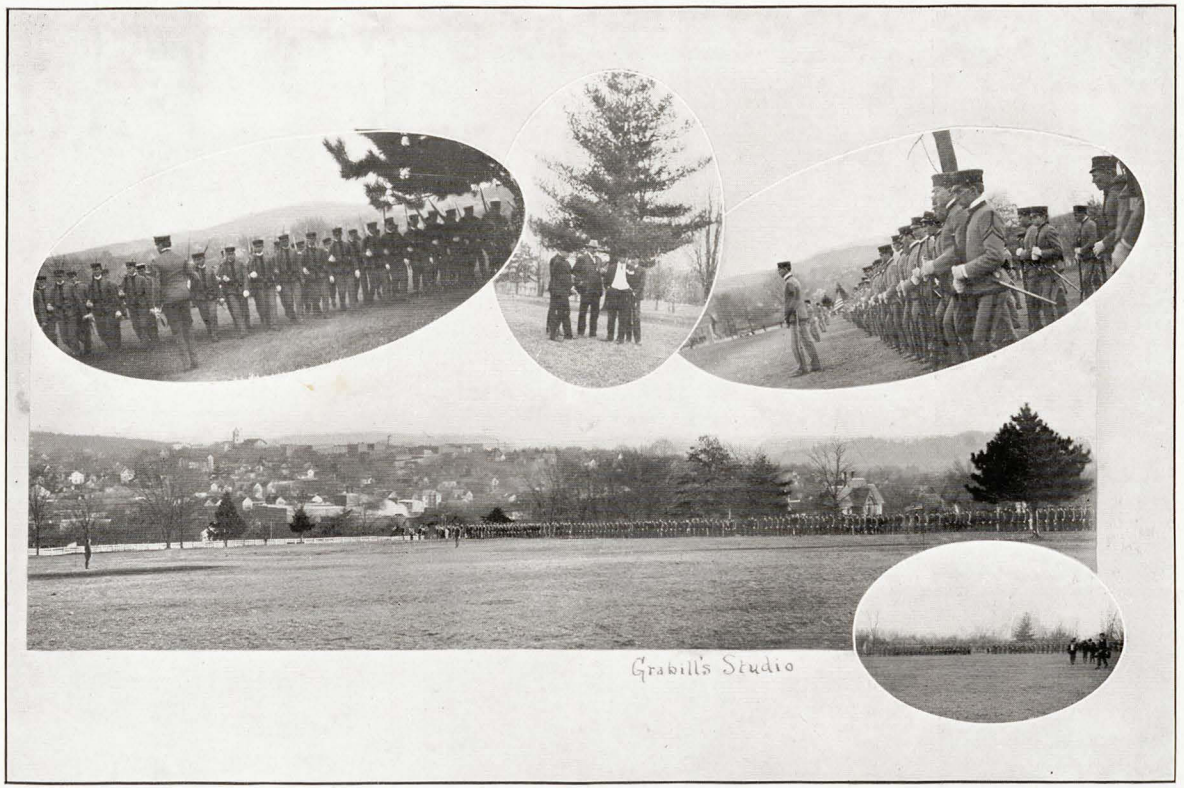
The Cadet Band.

The Cadet Band of the University of Arkansas deserves more credit than it has ever received. Under the skillful leadership of Mr. Frank Barr it has attained to a point of excellency which can be equalled by few cadet bands in the Southwest.

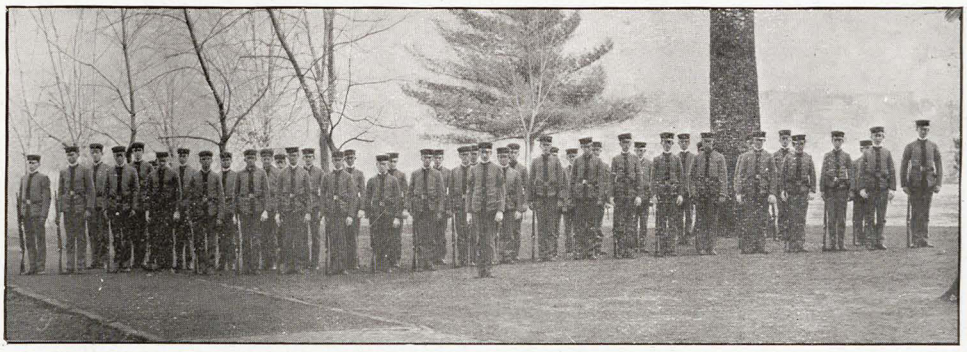
The boys of the Band have ever stood ready to aid the University and the student-body, including the Y. M. C. A., in anything that they might undertake. Few lectures are given on our Lecture Course that are not advertised by the boys of the Band throughout the whole town; they aid the base ball and foot ball managements in advertising their games. On the day that the Legislature visited the State University the Band boys were on duty nearly all day, and they conducted themselves in a way not only to the credit of the University, but to the credit of the whole State itself.

The two highest offices in the Band are held by Mr. O. C. Mitchell, chief musician; and J. C. Feathers, principal musician. The rest of the officers and members come from counties embracing every part of the State. The offices are allotted to each one according to his musical ability, behavior, and the length of time he has served in the Band.

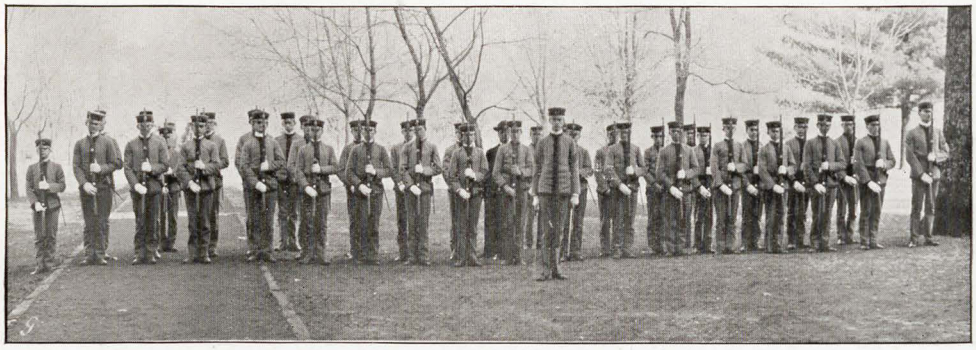
The leader of the Band, Mr. Frank Barr, is an old student, and it was he who organized the first band that the University of Arkansas had the fortune to possess. He has been leader for eight years. From a mere crowd of unskilled cadets he has raised the standard until now our Band is second to no cadet band in this part of the United States. His hand has ever been ready to aid the students and authorities in any way that he could. This is evidenced by the fact that there are few entertainments given at the University in which he does not take a willing part.



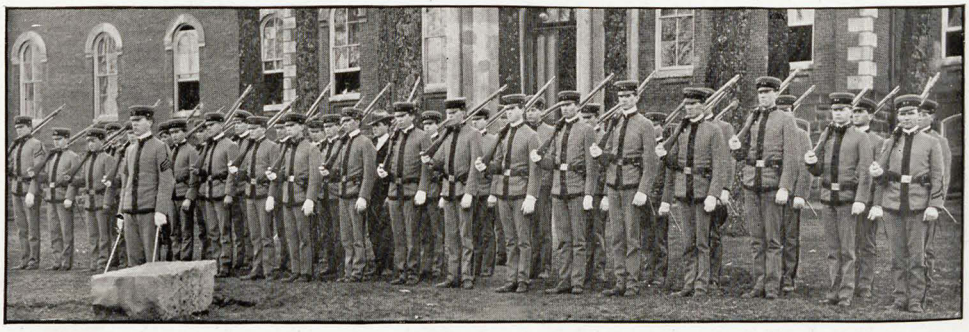
MILITARY SNAP SHOTS.



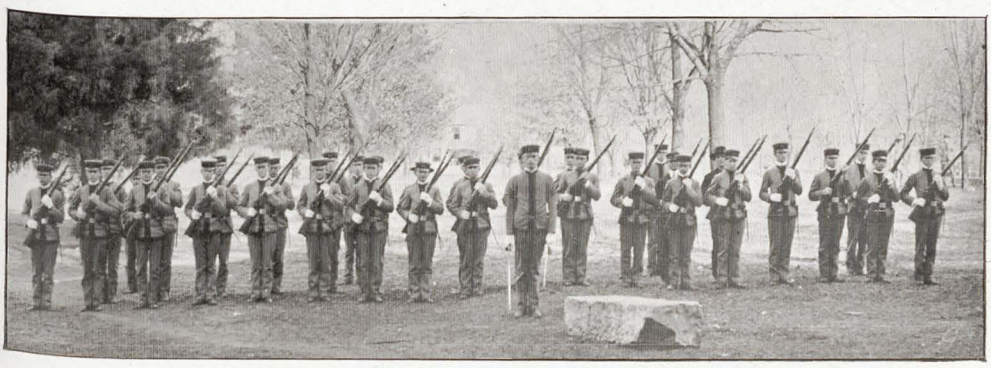
COMPANY A.



COMPANY B.



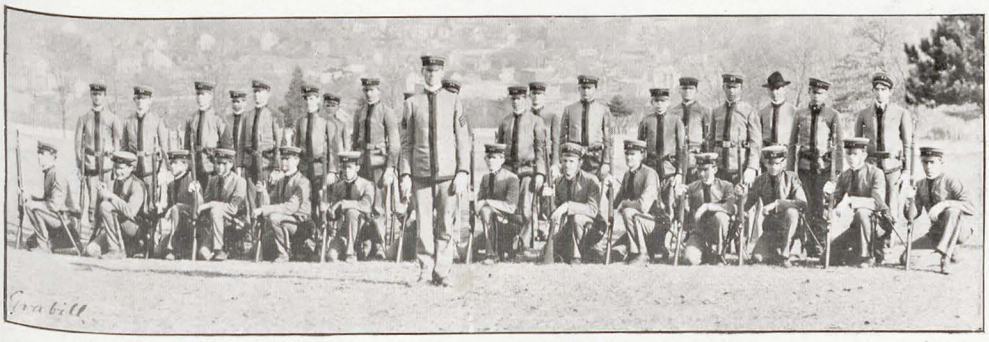
COMPANY C.



COMPANY D.



COMPANY E.



COMPANY F.

Guard Mount.

(Early in the morning—A recollection of last year.)

Wouldn't it jar you, wouldn't it kill you,
Wouldn't it set all your nerves in a rack?
Wouldn't it smatter you, wouldn't it shatter you,
Wouldn't it take all the skin off your back?
Goodness! just think of that merciless marching!
O Captain Parsons, don't treat us that way!
Yes, we will drill for you, murder and kill for you—
But don't make us drill at the break o' the day.

Think of those naps that we take in the morning;
Think of the dreams and the visions we lose;
Think for a moment the great inconvenience
To get up so early and put on our shoes!
We will act nicely and march to East Mountain—
Stand on our heads in just any old way;
Yes, we will cry for you, sing for you, die for you—
But don't make us drill at the break o' the day!



THE BUGLERS.

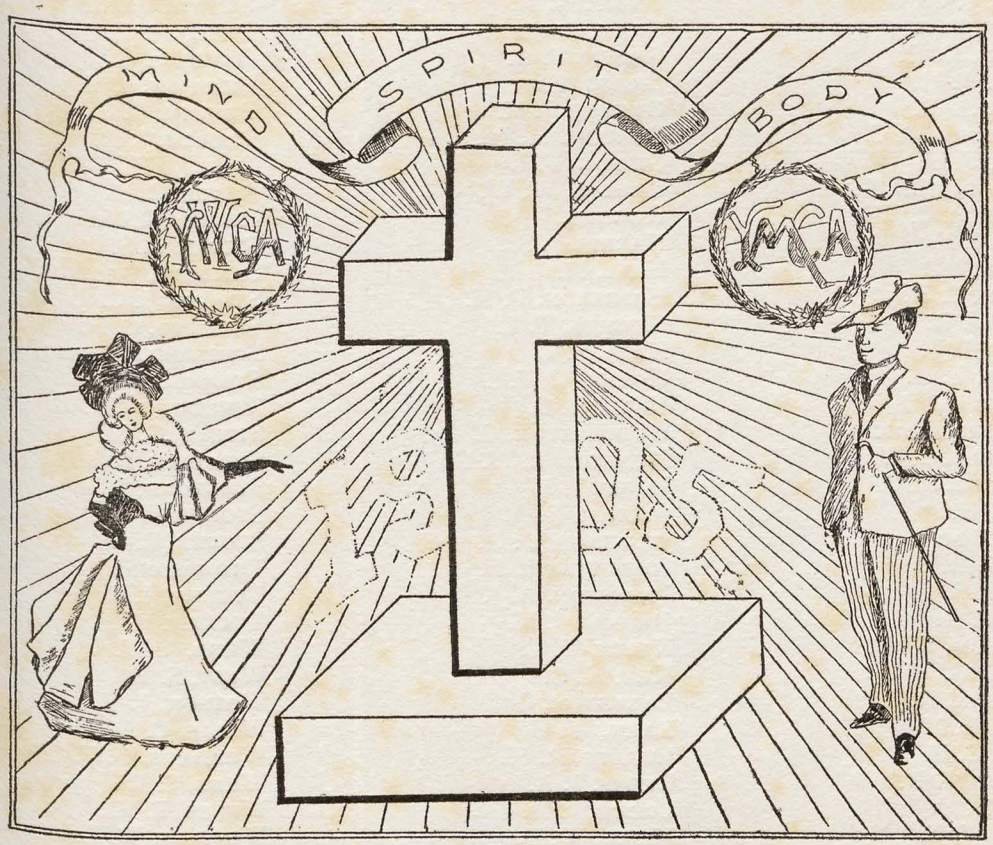
J. A. Jackson. J H. Tolley.

My Soul and I.

Deep in the night whene'er the gusty cry
 Of sleepless winds goes down the winter air
 O'er yon still star that burns so bright and fair
A whisper comes to join my comrade nigh,
Deep in the azure vastness of the sky.
 Where shall we go and whither shall we dare?
 Into what vale, unto what countries rare
Shall we depart, my soul, my soul and I?

No mortal knows unto what vales we go;
 Blue-cradled in the amethystine west,
Beyond the borders of the bloomy spring—
We wander far in sandals soft as snow
 To Avilon—to wander is to rest
Whene'er my soul and I go gipsying.

—*B. P.*


MIND
SPIRIT
BODY
YMCA
YMCA

Y. M. C. A. Roll.

Allen, J. C.
Alston, R.
Barton, D. E.
Beard, A. H.
Bettis, A. B.
Blackford, O. C.
Berry, F. H.
Blackshire, P. L.
Brunskog, C. W.
Boggs, J. F.
Burton, M.
Brough, C. H.
Buck, W. R.
Cazort, T. J.
Collins, T. A.
Cowling, A. D.
Crawford, Vance.
Cromwell, C. W.
Cantwell, H. C.
Cox, H. H.
Curry, Bob.
Cook, G. R.
Dean, H. W.
Davis, C. G.
Dickinson, W. E.
Dent, C. G.
Dickinson, R. C.
Elkins, E. M.
Elkins, C. E.
Edwards, J. R.
Elder, T. D.
Fields, W. T.
Fletcher, Frank.
Fuhrman, W. S.
Fesperman, J.
Fergus, F. H.
Gardner, J. W.
Gray, J. H.
Grant, J. R.
Gray, Albert.
Green, T. A.
Gregg, Fay.
Grubbs, J. M.
Gordon, L., Jr.
Gibson, F. I.
Grubbs, W. W.
Hughes, J. J.
Harris, J. S.
Hall, M.
Hamilton, P. K.
Hughes, T. L.
Hall, S. L.
House, J. W.
Hall, H. C.
Huddleston, C.
Huxstable, W. G.
Janes, J. I.
Jordan, E. A.
Jennings, D. R.
Johnston, J. H.
Johnston, A. J.
Jordon, J. K.
Keith, E. T.
Key, K. C.
Langston, O. D.
Lark, W. H.
Legate, R. H.
Lewis, J. A.
Locke, J. M.
Miser, W. L.
Mayo, W. P.
Mitchell, J. L.
McKnight, D. A.
Murphy, W. C.
Miser, H. D.
Morrow, D. B.
McNeil, R. A.
Nesbit, W. E.
Oates, C. E.
Oates, S. C.
Pearson, I. M.
Pruett, G. C.
Pruett, J. R.
Ross, J. H.
Reves, C. M.
Reves, G. W.
Reves, C. S.
Sanders, George.
Strong, J. C.
Sheperd, C. H.
Schimmelpfennig, C. W.
Starbuck, A.
Steltzner, W. B.
Sively, G. M.
Spradlin, B. A.
Stanford, J. B.
Stokes, W. R.
Stover, L. M.
Thompson, R. E.
Tucker, J. R.
Tucker, M. E.
Webb, J. W.
West, S. E.
Watson, J. T.
Walls, C. A.
Williams, O. E.
Webb, C. W.
Wells, E. E.
Winters, W. L.
Whitehead, A. D.
Wellborn, M. B.
Willis, J. E.
Wilson, J. M.
Witherspoon, C. C.
Womble, V.



Y. M. C. A.

Y. W. C. A.

This society was organized September 12, 1904, by Mrs. Beauchamp, of Little Rock. From a membership of twelve it has increased to sixty in six months.

Members in the University.

OFFICERS.

BEAULAH WILLIAMS, ... *President.*
GLADYS MANNING, ... *Vice-President.*
ELIZABETH RISSER, ... *Secretary.*
JEAN WELD, ... *Corresponding Secretary.*
HENRIETTA MOORE, ... *Treasurer.*

BRYAN, ZELLA.
BARTON, MAUDE.
CROZIER, RUTH.
COLE, MARY.
DAVIS, LYTA.
DAVIS, LYNAH.
FERGUS, CARRIE.
GALLAWAY, MARGARET.
GRAY, STELLA.
GRAY, CLARA.
JONES, BERTHA.
LAMBERTON, ANNIE.
MANNING, IRENE.
MCKAY, MARY.
MCANALLY, CORA.
MILLER, MYRTLE.
PHILLIPS, GRACE.
STOCKTON, IRENE.
SHORE, RENA.
SHELTON, DEAN.
SIMMONS, DEAN.
THARP, MATTIE.
THOMAS, LOUISE.
TRIMBLE, MATTIE.
THURSTON, MONTE.
UMBAUGH, OLLIE.
WILSON, NELLIE.
WHITMORE, WILLIE.

Members in the City.

BRODT, ETHEL.
BROMFIELD, ELEANOR.
CAMPBELL, MARY.
CONNER, KATE.
DAVIES, EDITH.
DUNCAN, ANNE.
EVINS, PHŒBE.
EVINS, MARY.
HAMILTON, EILEEN.
HUDGINS, BESS.
HIGHT, STELLA.
KNESAL, ADA.
LAKE, HORTON.
LACKEY, LAURA.
MOORE, ELSIE.
OAKLEY, CORA.
ROSSER, ANNIE.
RAGLAND, FANNIE.
SHANNON, MRS. E. F.
SHELLENBERGER, ALICE.
SUTTON, MABEL.
THOMAS, BESS.
TRENT, MAMIE.
THARP, MARY.
THARP, MAGGIE.
VAUGHN, MOLLIE.
VAULX, SUSIE.
VANDEVENTER, GERALDINE
WALKER, PEARL.
WILLIAMS, HATTIE.
WILLIAMS, JENNIE.



Y. W. C. A.

Y. M. C. A. Lecture Board.

PROF. B. N. WILSON, ... *Chairman*
DR. C. H. BROUGH, ... *Secretary*
J. W. GARDNER, ... *Treasurer*

Members from Faculty.

PROF. B. N. WILSON. DR. C. H. BROUGH. MISS HAZEL YATES.

Members from Y. M. C. A.

J. W. GARDNER. C. W. SCHIMMELPFENNIG. M. A. HATHCOAT.
C. E. MYRICK. J. H. ROSS.



Y. M. C. A. Lecture Board.

Dormitory Executive Committee.

Officers.

FIRST TERM.		SECOND TERM.
L. S. Olney,	*President.*	C. M. Reves
C. W. Jones,	*Secretary.*	A. D. Whitehead
C. M. Cook,	*Treasurer.*	C. W. Cromwell
J. M. Grubbs,	*Marshal.*	R. H. Legate

Members.

Fay Webster,
B. M. Kitchens,
L. S. Olney,
C. W. Jones,
C. M. Cook,
A. D. Whitehead,
E. L. Carter,
A. S. Irby,
C. M. Reves,
R. H. Legate,
C. W. Cromwell,
J. M. Grubbs.



DORMITORY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The English Club.

The English Club, which was organized February 10, 1905, held its first meeting at the residence of Dr. J. W. Carr, at which officers were elected and definite plans formed for future work. All students of the University who have finished the English Courses 1 and 2 are eligible to membership and are urgently requested to join.

The purpose of the Club is to study dialect words and expressions (especially those of Arkansas), colloquialisms, proivncialisms, anything pertaining to English philology, and to analyze and to become more familiar with the literary problems which can not be taken up in the regular English courses.

The following is a list of those who have been admitted to membership:

DR. J. W. CARR.
J. B. DAVIS.
WALLACE CARR.
BRODIE PAYNE.
MARGARET GALLOWAY.
D. K. SADLER.
H. G. HUNT.
SUSIE VAULX.
PERCY CRAIG.
J. M. GRUBBS.
GUY HUDGINS, Pres.
BRUEN JACKSON.
NELLIE WILSON.
HICKS, STONE.
IRENE STOCKTON, Sec.
H. B. VAN VALKENBURGH.
C. H. WEBB.
MARY COLE.
GRACE JORDAN.
HENRIETTA MOORE.
MABEL JOHNSON.

ENGLISH CLUB

University of Arkansas

Dr J. H. Carr

This is to certify that you have been elected a member of the English Club of the University of Arkansas

Irene G Stockton, Secretary

Fayetteville, Arkansas,

March 27, 1905

Deutscher Verein.

OFFIZIERE.

Herr Percy Craig,	First Term	*Präsident.*
Fraeulein Beulah Williams,	First Term	*Vice-Präsidentin.*
Fraeulein Nellie C. Wilson,	First Term	*Secretär und Schatzmeisterin.*
Herr J. B. Davis,	Second Term	*Präsident.*
Fraeulein Rena B. Shore,	Second Term	*Vice-Präsidentin.*
Fraeulein Nellie C. Wilson,	Second Term	*Secretär.*

EHRENMITGLIEDER.

Herr Doktor Brough.
Herr Doktor Carr.
Herr Professor Droke.
Herr Professor Futrall.
Herr Präsident Hartzog.
Herr Professor Knoch.
Herr Doktor Muckenfuss.
Herr Chemiker Norton.
Herr Instructor Schapper.
Frau Instructor Schapper.
Herr Professor Shannon.
Fräulein Mary W. Vaulx.
Herr Professor Walker.

MITGLIEDER.

Die Herren.

W. A. Bolinger.
H. C. Cantwell.
W. B. Carr.
P. G. Craig.
J. B. Davis.
W. C. Holland.
J. G. Hudgins.
B. O. Jackson.
C. W. Jones.
R. H. Legate.
C. G. Lueker.
D. McCulloch.
A. D. Pope.
C. W. Schimmelpfennig.
J. B. Stanford.
J. H. Stone.
H. B. Van Valkenburgh, Jr.
C. W. Webb, Jr.

Die Fräulein.

Bertha Abercrombie.
Mary Cole.
Lyta Davis.
Grace Jordan.
Irene Manning.
Elizabeth Risser.
Alice Shellenberger.
Rena Shore.
Irene Stockton.
Mabel Sutton.
Susie Vaulx.
Beulah Williams.
Nellie Wilson.



Deutscher Verein.

Deutscher Verein der Universität Arkansas.

Geschichte des Vereins. (History of the Verein.)

Der Verein was organized December 15, 1904, by a few students who were desirous of becoming more proficient in German conversation and of learning more of the German manners and customs than was possible in the class-room. The idea originated with Dr. Carr, to whom is due the flourishing condition of the society at present. Although ostensibly an honorary member, he is in reality one of the most active in the society.

To be eligible for membership, one must have completed at least one year of German; in this way every member has a foundation already laid.

The meetings are held every other Thursday night at the home or boarding-place of some one of its members, thus relieving them of the class-room atmosphere, at the same time combining work with pleasure.

At present only five meetings have been held, yet the membership has increased from seventeen to forty-five, and the greatest enthusiasm prevails among the members. The honorary members, members of the Faculty, and instruction corps are of great assistance to the students in this work, and their efforts are greatly appreciated.

Although still in its incipiency, the society is of inestimable value, and the benefits already accrued are only forerunners of many more to come.

Muster-Programm. (Model Programme.)

"Deutsches tägliches Leben" ("German Daily Life") ... HERR H. B. VAN VALKENBURGH, JR.
"Mein Lieblingsschriftsteller" ("My Favorite Author") FRAEULEIN WILSON.
Deutsche Recitation, "Der Handschuh" (German Reading, "The Glove")
..... FRAEULEIN WILLIAMS.
Auszüge aus "Till Eulenspiegel" (Extracts from "Till Eulenspiegel") HERR J. B. DAVIS.
Vortrag (Address) HERR DOKTOR MUCKENFUSS.
Ein in Deutschland geschriebener Brief (A Letter written in Germany) HERR DOKTOR CARR.
Deutsche Chorgesänge (German Choral Singing) By the whole Society.



The Latin Jack.



The Math Eater.



The Professor.



The Freshman.

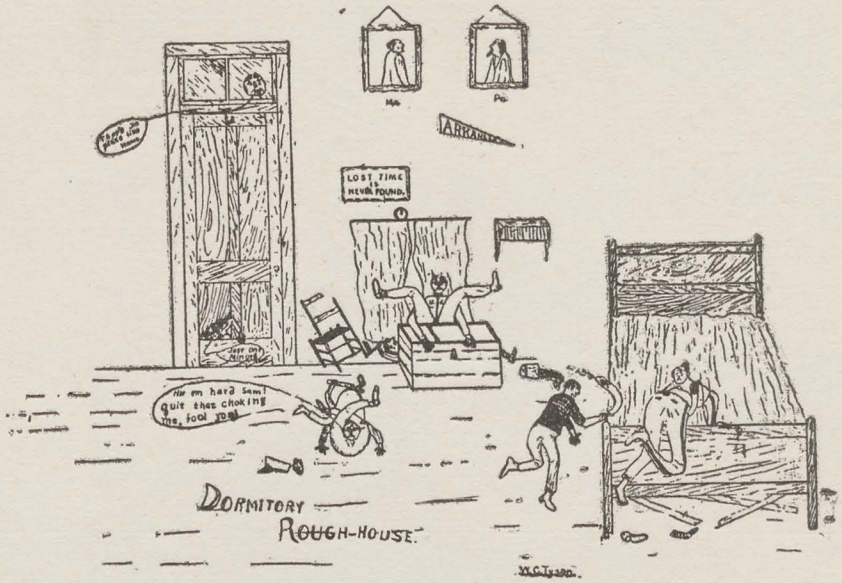


The Co-ed.



The Sword-Swallower.

College Animals.



The Rough House Club.

C. S. YARBROUGH, ... *President.*
ROY COKER, ... *Grand Wielder of the Strap.*
W. C. TYSON, ... *High Master of the Door.*
C. H. LEWIS, ... *Lord Keeper of the Seal.*
ADAM COKER, ... *Sergeant-at-Arms.*

MEMBERS.

J. G. CUBAGE.
T. E. TRIGG.
T. C. CHEW.
F. B. BARRETT.
T. C. MULLINS.
WILLIAM JETT.
E. D. DE LONEY.
G. C. PRUETT.
J. T. WATSON.
J. R. PRUETT.
P. L. BLACKSHIRE.
B. A. SPRADLIN.

Literary Societies.

Garland Literary Society.

OFFICERS.

First Term.	Second Term.	Third Term.	
C. M. Reves,	A. D. Whitehead,	E. W. Brockman	*President.*
T. A. Collins,	C. E. Oates,	P. L. Blackshire	*Vice-President.*
J. G. Cubage,	E. J. Grundy,	J. B. Stanford	*Secretary.*
J. B. Stanford,	J. H. Johnson,	H. H. Cox	*Treasurer.*
P. L. Blackshire,	Fay Cotham,	A. Starbuck	*Attorney.*
E. W. Brockman,	G. A. Hurst,	A. J. Johnson	*Critic.*
A. J. Johnson,	N. D. Mitchell,	N. D. Mitchell	*Marshal.*
J. J. James,		J. W. Webb	*Librarian.*

MEMBERS.

Ambercrombie, E. T.
Alston, Roy.
Barrett, F. B.
Beard, A. H.
Blackshire, P. L.
Brockman, E. W.
Carter, E. L.
Chew, T. C.
Coker, A. L.
Collins, T. A.
Cotham, Fay.
Cotham, R. B.
Cox, H. H.
Cubage, J. G.
Dickinson, W. E.
Fenton, J. A.
Gibson, F.
Gregg, L. H.
Grubbs, J. M.
Grubbs, W. W.
Grundy, E. J.
Harvey, Ben.
Holland, W. C.
Hurst, G. A.
Johnson, D. E.
James, J. J.
Johnson, A. J.
Johnston, J. H.
Jones, C. W.
Kitchens, B. M.
Keith, E. T.
Kunz, E. H.
Langston, O. D.
Leeper, F. J.
Legate, R. H.
Little, J. G.
McKnight, D.
McMillan, Fred.
Miser, H. D.
Miser, W. L.
Morgan, Ross.
Mitchell, N. D.
Oates, C. E.
Oates, J. F.
Olney, L. S.
Payne, B.
Pope, A. D.
Pruett, J. R.
Pruett, G. C.
Reves, C. M.
Sadler, D. K.
Stanford, J. B.
Starbuck, A.
Stover, L. M.
Thomas, B. F.
Whitehead, A. D.
Wilson, J. M.
Webb, J. W.
Willis, J. E.



GARLAND LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Garland Literary Society.

The Garland Literary Society was organized in 1886 by a number of preparatory students in the University, and was named in honor of one of Arkansas' greatest statesmen, Hon. Augustus H. Garland. The Society has been successful from the time of its organization, as shown by the fact that the membership has been large for many years. Any male student of good character may become a member, no class distinction being made.

The object of the Society is to develop the power of oratory, argumentation, and literary talent in general. The weekly programmes consist of declamations, essays, orations, original stories, discussions on current topics, and debates on popular subjects. Each programme is criticized by a competent critic, thus enabling the members to see their strong points and also their weak points, and to strengthen the latter.

Professor Cole offers a gold medal each year for improvement in debate. This does much to stimulate debating, and offers an incentive to new and undeveloped members to train their reasoning faculties. Medals are also offered by Professors Kuykendall and Philbeck—by the former for general development in Society work, by the latter for improvement in oratory. A contest is held each year between the three literary societies for a loving cup offered by Dr. W. S. Johnson. Dr. Brough also offers a medal for debate, open to the three societies.

Twelve members of the present Senior Class are members of the Garland, and from the Faculty the honorary members are Prof. G. A. Cole, Prof. B. J. Dunn, Prof. E. F. Shannon, Prof. Philbeck, Dr. C. H. Brough, and Prof. J. W. Kuykendall. Many of the strongest men who have gone out from the University were at one time members of the Garland. The motto, "*Nulla Vestigia Retrosa*"—no steps backward—is ever an incentive to the members of the Society to climb higher, and is a worthy motto for any organization.

Sketch of the Periclean.

In the fall of 1900, four young men met in the room of one of the students and organized a Literary Club. This Club carried out regular programmes and new names were added to the roll. It became necessary to secure larger rooms, and, in January 1901, permission was granted the club to use Room 34 in University Hall.

The society was recognized by the Faculty in March, 1901, and was duly organized under the name of The Periclean Literary Society. Afterwards the Society met in the Mathetian Hall, and has recently moved into its elegant new hall on the third floor.

Through the kindness of Miss Naomi Williams an annual declamatory contest is maintained, and the Society has succeeded in keeping the Johnson Cup from all other competitors ever since that prize was first offered.

Periclean Roll.

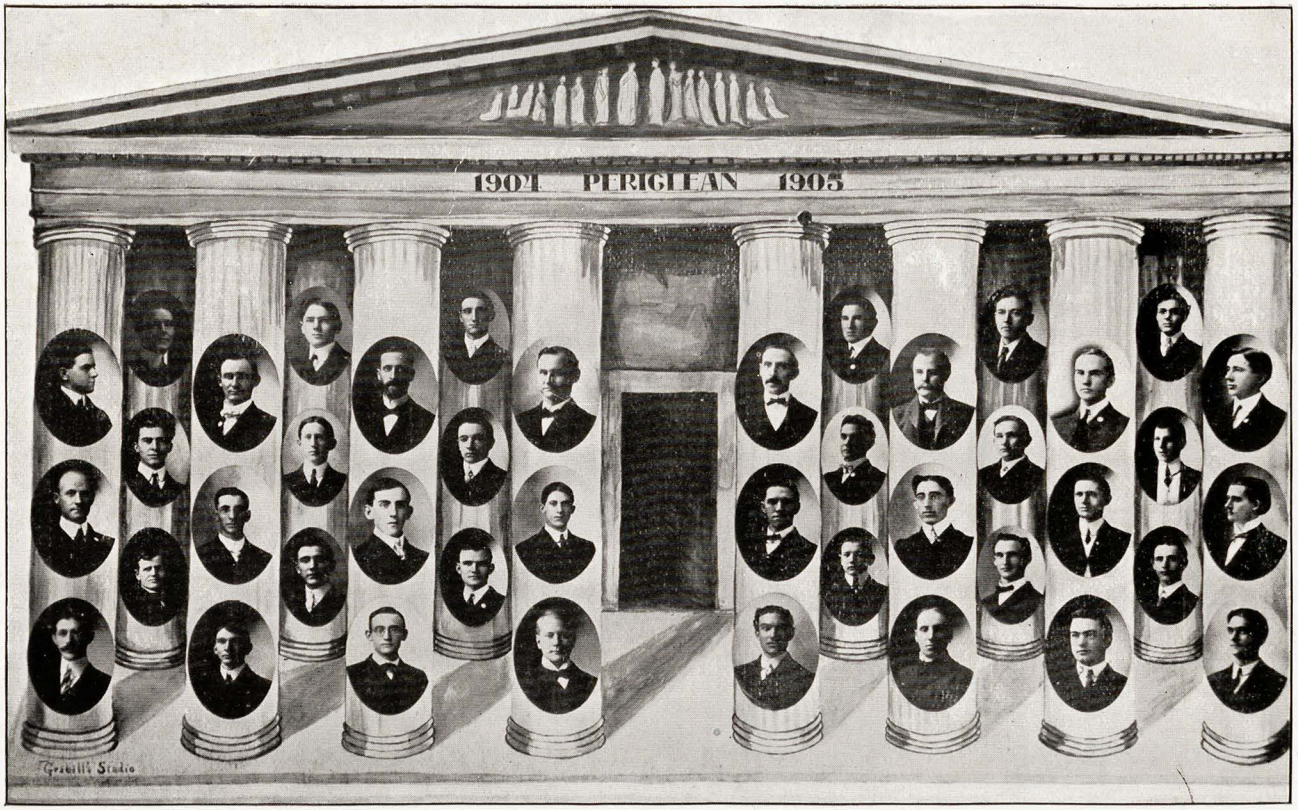
ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Akins, J. W.
Allen, J. C.
Austin, R. E. L.
Balch, C. P.
Ballard, B. C.
Ballard, J. M.
Bird, E. V.
Blakemore, T. L.
Boggs, J. F.
Bryant, W. C.
Cabe, R. L.
Campbell, L. L.
Davis, O. L.
Davis, J. B.
Deane, S. E.
De Witt.
Elkins, E. M.
Folk, A. J.
Foreman, C. D.
Gardner, J. W.
Grant, J. R.
Gray, J. H.
Hall, H. C.
Hobson, E. E.
Huddleston, C.
Hutchinson, F. M.
Ingersoll, W. H.
Janes, J. I.
Jennings, R.
Jordan, J. K.
Key, K. C.
Lueker, C. G.
Mashburn, E. E.
Means, C. S.
McKinley, P.
Mitchell, B.
Montcalm, S. R.
Murphy, C. W.
Nordmeyer, C. D.
Olmstead, C. E.
Oliver, J. A.
Pearson, T. M.
Pearson, H. S.
Pye, G.
Reynolds, E. A.
Reynolds, C. P.
Ross, H.
Samuels, J. C.
Sivley, G. M.
Spradlin, B. A.
Tucker, M. E.
Tyson, W. C.
Waterfield, E. A.
Wiggins, J. C.
Williams, O. E.
Woodruff, C. H.
Yarbrough, C. S.
York, J. O.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Dr. H. S. Hartzog.
Dr. J. W. Carr.
Dr. C. H. Brough.
Dr. W. S. Johnson.
Prof. A. H. Purdue.
Prof. J. H. Reynolds.
Prof. T. C. Treadway.
Prof. H. E. Morrow.

Miss Naoma J. Williams.



Periclean Literary Society.

Mathetian Roll.

Motto: *"Facto probent meritum."* Colors: Blue and Old Gold.

Flowers: Red and White Roses.

OFFICERS.

First Term.	Second Term.	Third Term.	
H. B. Van Valkenburgh,	Percy Pope,	Alvin Irby	*President.*
Guy Hudgins,	Alvin Irby,	Harry Taber	*Vice-President.*
Irene Stockton,	Lucy Haskell,	Mary Cole	*Secretary.*
Irene Manning,	Ollie Umbaugh,	Nellie Wilson	*Treasurer.*
Percy Craig,	Berry King,	George Moore	*Attorney.*
Flippin Cook,	H. B. Van Valkenburgh,	Percy Pope	*Serg't-at-Arms.*

ROLL.

Mary Droke.
Grace Phillips.
Louise Thomas.
Maud Barton.
C. Van Valkenburgh.
Nellie Wilson.
Henrietta Moore.
Zella Bryan.
Ralph Dunn.
Guy Hudgins.
Cora McAnnally.
H. B. Van Valkenburgh.
Rena Shore.
Percy Pope.
Winston Winters.
Sarah Shook.
Homer Buford.
Doddridge McCulloch.
Monte Thurston.
Lynah Davis.
Beulah Williams.
Myrtle Miller.
Frank Fergus.
Milan Orr.
Leila Blair.
Kenneth Reed.
Lyta Davis.
Harry Taber.
Mary Cole.
Irene Stockton.
Reed Maye.
Hamilton Dinsmore.
Flippin Cook.
T. W. Davis.
Edith Sutton.
Bertha Jones.
Irene Manning.
Carl Brunskog.
Henry Rector.
Earle Myrick.
Haiden Cantwell.
Berry King.
Percy Craig.
Alvin Irby.
Walter Bolinger.
Penn Watson.
Ollie Umbaugh.
Walter Johnson.
George Lefler.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Prof. E. F. Shannon.
Richard B. Barton.
Mrs. Pickel.
Dr. C. H. Brough.
Miss Hadgie Davies.
Prof. J. W. Kuykendall.
Prof. G. W. Droke.
Miss Mabel Sutton.
Miss Eileen Hamilton.
Miss Jessie McKay.



MATHETIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Mathetian Literary Society.

"Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them."

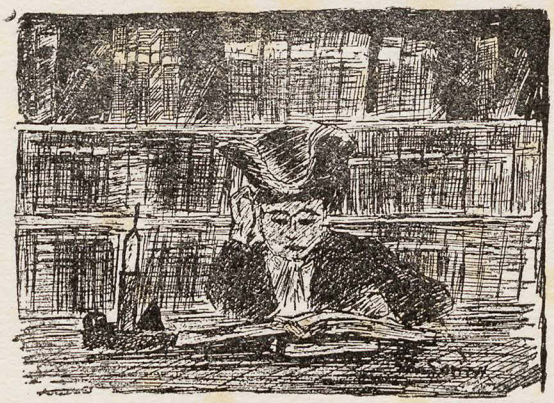
For the pleasure of our alumni, that they may imagine themselves again under the control of that despotic oligarchy, the Programme Committee, and engage in fancy in some mighty parliamentary battle or eloquent oration; for the encouragement of our present members who, on knowing the results, may apply themselves with more grace to the original poem or declamation assigned them; for the information of unenlightened critics, this brief mention is made of a few of the former members of Mathetian:

Professor G. W. Droke, Professor of Mathematics, University of Arkansas;
Senator J. I. Moore, former Speaker of the House of Representatives;
John N. Tillman, Circuit Judge, Fayetteville, Arkansas.;
N. F. Drake, Consulting Geologist, Tientsin, China;
Professor Stubblefield, former teacher at the University of Arkansas.
Dr. Gregg, physician of Fayetteville, Arkansas;
R. B. Barton, Secretary of St. Francis Levee Board, Memphis, Tennessee;
I. G. Hedrick, member of the firm Waddell & Hedrick, Consulting Engineers;
T. B. Kitchens, banker at Paragould, Arkansas;
Lieutenant Frank Ellis, member of the Greeley Relief Expedition;
Carrol D. Wood, Associate Justice of Supreme Court of Arkansas;
W. H. Langford, member of Board of Trustees of the University of Arkansas;
Henry Stroup, member of the Board of Trustees of the University of Arkansas;
Miss Ella Carnall, former teacher at the University of Arkansas;
Miss Naomi Williams, teacher at the University of Arkansas;
Mrs. A. H. Purdue, former teacher at the University of Arkansas;
Miss Julia Vaulx, Professor of English, Coe College, Iowa.

But what man has done man can do. It requires no deep and mystic augury to predict that from our present members there will come forth at least two great Spurgeons, two Pattis, a feminine Paderewski, several Rockerfellers and Russell Sages. We shall give to the world a great impersonator and reader, an army officer from West Point, a poetess, two great journalists, noted for sarcasm and wit; a silver-tongued orator, a politician, civil and mechanical engineers and Ph. D's from Leipsig. Some of our young ladies may be content to be quiet powers behind thrones, but others will mount the ladder of fame to its very summit and write across the heavens "*Dux femina facti.*" And all will honor and be honor to the Mathetian.

"Fellow members, one and all,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than Mathetian Hall?"

Literary



and Miscellaneous.

University of Arkansas LIBRARY.

Tales Told in the Night.

SCENE.—*A student's room in the evening. Four students are sitting in chairs around a table which is covered with pipes and one thing and another. Each in his turn tells a story of the profession or calling which he intends to follow. The Poet arises and speaks in this wise:*

Sweet masters mine, sweet masters mine!
The silver sun doth set,
And night upon the waiting world
Doth trail her robes of jet;
And in the silence of this hall,
While stars do flicker pale,
Arouse! arouse! arouse! for all
Let 's tell a tale;
So ho! so ho!
And tell a tale!

The Lawyer:

And make it wise and full of years;

The Farmer:

And make it smell of sod;

The Professor:

And make it hard and difficult;

The Poet:

And wonderful as God.

The Professor arises and requests the Lawyer to tell a tale.

The Lawyer turned and looked askew,
As legal eyes are wont to do,
And then began an awful tale
Of clients, gold, and goblins pale.

The Murderer's Reward.

The Lawyer:

Once on a time there lived a man
Who killed a brother of his clan;
He met him in a lonely wood,
And stabbed him dead and drank his blood—
As murderers and devils should.
He hastened on at break of day
And to a lawyer found his way,
And told him with a villain's face
The facts and fictions of the case.
He went away—the lawyer took
The argument; and book by book
Went o'er the ground for his defense
To find some chance of innocence.
The trial came; the culprit stood
To answer for a brother's blood.
The lawyer rose and cast his eye
On all the men that stood thereby.
He spoke a speech in act and word,
Its equal man has never heard.
He won the case. The culprit goose
Was rescued from a hangman's noose;
And forth he went from law as free
As you or you that sit by me.
The lawyer asked him for his pay:
That bloody man he answered, "Nay,
I 'll pay you nothing, you old goose,
Who saved me from a hangman's noose."
The summer passed, and bloomy May
Gave place to snowy skies of gray.
The murderer died one winter night—
To worlds afar he took his flight.
By chance the lawyer died that day,
And so they met upon the way,
And journeyed on to meet their fate
From good St. Peter at the gate.
St. Peter said that such as he
Who 'd cheat a lawyer of his fee
Should journey to that summer shore
And burn till time should be no more.
The devil came and took that man
Down to that world where not a fan

Nor cake of ice is ever found
Nor seen the whole bright year around.
St. Peter saw the lawyer next—
That legal man looked sore perplexed.
St. Peter said: "Your mortal sin
I now take off, so enter in.
Here, take these wings and put them on—
Away! away! Begone! begone!"
This took the lawyer by surprise
And made him squint and work his eyes.
And now the lawyer, like a lamb,
Sleeps on the breast of Abraham.
There shall he sleep for ages hence
A little child of innocence;
And often now he looketh down
Upon his client roasting brown,
And chuckles like a little lamb
Upon the breast of Abraham.

The Lawyer ceased and raised his eyes,
And looked like Solomon the Wise,
And took a drink from out the pail,
And blew tobacco like a gale.

The Farmer said that it was good—
"The client ended as he should;
It fits him well—I like him not,
For he should pay for what he got."

And since the Farmer spoke so well
A hush upon the evening fell;
And then they asked *him* for a tale
Of spreading farm or purple vale.

The Farmer:

Why, darn it all, it is a crime
To ask of me to speak in rhyme;
It 's hard for me to speak correct,
So I shall talk in dialect,
And tell a tale of Joseph Brown
Who sang until the church fell down.

Brother Brown and the Mocking Bird.

(A Singing-match.)

The Farmer:

One summer day in August
 There drifted into town
The queerest sort of lookin' man,
 Whose name was Joseph Brown.
He could n't tell a yarn at all;
 Much less he could n't spin it;
But when that man began to sing
 There war n't nobody in it.
One Sunday morn Bill Jones riz up
 An' said that we would try
"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
 An' cast a wistful eye."
The preacher tried to lead the tune,
 The teacher softly follored;
Then Joseph Brown he busted loose,
 An' mercy, how he hollored!
He sounded like a hurricane,
 Then soft as any fiddle;
He galloped up and down the scale
 From front and fore and middle.
There war n't no use to try to stop
 The singin' of that man—
He said he was a gentleman,
 Come from a singin' lan'.
He sung "ol' Jordan" forty times,
 Then shouted fur and free
"Amazin' grace, how sweet the soun',
 That saved a wretch like me."
He sung so loud the ceilin' fell,
 The church came tumblin' down;
But still above the roar and crash
 We heard ol' Joseph Brown.
He sung so loud upon that day
 He asked us all to note
That he could beat just anything
 That had a mouth or throat.
It happened then that Cyrus Jones
 Had caught a mockin' bird
That sung the sweetest tones and airs
 That mortals ever heard.

That made ol' Joseph mighty mad
An' set his hands a-wringin';
He said he 'd eat his ol' straw hat
If *that bird* beat *him* singin'.
This sorter meant the whole blame thing
Was comin' to the scratch;
An' so one purple summer night
We had the singin'-match.
Ol' Brown was thar on schedule time
With all his singin'-books,
An' we could see that victory
Was written in his looks.
Then things began—Brown busted loose,
An' clamored loud an' louder,
Until we thought the air aroun'
Was full of smoke and powder.
He sung "On Jordan's Stormy Banks,"
An' "Johnny, play that fiddle,"
An' "Dinah's got a bran' new dress,"
An' "Sally, heat that griddle."
He sung until there war n't no breath
Left in his soul or body;
An' then we gave him food and drink
An' whiskey raw and toddy.

Then silence fell—far o'er the hills
The silver moon uplifted,
An' bright along the purple sky
The starlight dreamed an' drifted.
That mocking bird, he raised his head,
An' all at once he jes'
Began to put off music
At his level singin' bes'.
I 'll tell you what, that mockin' bird,
Thar war n't no flies on him;
He sang as he would sing to God
Until the stars were dim.
We sat an' leaned an' listened
While the song in wonder rolled
Like a stream of liquid silver
Over banks of yellow gold.
We wandered down the country lanes
Through twilights of the spring,
An' dreamed that we could hear the songs
Our mothers used to sing.

The song was jes' like heaven,
An' it drifted up so high
That the angels looked in wonder
Through the windows of the sky;
An' the moon forgot the mo intains,
An' the stars grew dim an' deep,
An' the angels' heads grew drowsy
An' the angels fell asleep.
Then silence fell—Brown tore his hair,
An' gathered up an' went
An' took up summer quarters
In another settlement.
He took the train an' went away
Ten thousand miles, for, law!
He could n't beat the mockin' bird
That lived in Arkansas.

The Farmer ceased and spat right fair,
And threw his legs across a chair,
And turned around and lit a pipe,
And paused a little while to wipe
A grin of humor, which full sly
Did creep along his rural eye.
For during all the witty tale
The Bard was snoring like a gale.
The Lawyer woke him with a slap,
And bade him speak and break his nap.

The Poet.

To spin a yarn or tell a tale
To me would be of no avail;
But I shall sing and try to make
A little rhyme for friendship's sake;
And make some little thought more bright
And place it in a clearer light.

The Land where the Lost Things Go.

The Poet:

Oh, the Land Where the Lost Things Go!
I know not where it lies—
Beyond what hill, across what vale,
Beneath what still blue skies.

I look to the east and the star-crowned west,
And ask of the winds that blow—
They answer, aye, far, far away
Is the Land Where the Lost Things Go.

Oh, the Land Where the Lost Things Go!
The dreams of my heart are there—
A soft sweet word and a love unheard,
And a tress of the golden hair;
And deep in the west in a land unguessed
Are the songs that we used to know;
And they wander there in the valley fair,
In the Land Where the Lost Things Go.

Oh, the Land Where the Lost Things Go!
In the realms of the Used-to-be,
Are the voices of friends that we used to know
And the friends that are gone—ah, me!
And low as the stir of the bough and the burr,
And soft as the winds that blow,
They wander there in the valley fair
In the Land Where the Lost Things Go.

There are ghosts of tears that our soul has shed,
And snatches of songs we sung
In a far-off day when the world was May
And the soul and the heart were young.
I ask of the night and her still, starred skies
Will the years come back—ah, no!
They sleep, they sleep, where the dream-winds creep
In the Land Where the Lost Things Go.

Oh, the Land Where the Lost Things Go!
I have builded it deep in the west—
A vale that lies in the royal skies,
In the fabulous Isles of the Blest;
And oft when the soul is sad with fear,
And the heart and the pulse are low,
I wander there in the valley fair
In the Land Where the Lost Things Go.

The Poet ceased, and all confessed
That they believed he did his best,
And that he gave the best he had,
But that, at best, was very bad.

The Lawyer:

Now, Herr Professor, take the stand,
And tell of knights and nobles grand.

The Professor:

And so I shall, and take the chance,
And weave a tale of knight and lance,
Of lady, maid, and baron bold,
Who lived when all the world was gold.

The Knight of the Lily-White Plume.

The Baron of Blois was weazened and old;
His heart was thick and his blood was cold.
Annie of Blois was bloomy and fair,
And the shades of the night were asleep in her hair.
She was *his* daughter, and shone like a star,
And lured the brave vassals and knights from afar.
The castle was placed on a wind-beaten crest,
With windows of stone that looked to the west—
That looked to the west when the twilights were cold
And the mountains were bathed in great torrents of gold.
One soft day of summer the tidings were borne,
'Mid rattle of hoof and the clamor of horn,
That the Castle of Blois would open its doors
To the lords and the ladies who lived on the moors,
For Annie of Blois, in her diamonds and jet,
Would dance with the lords through the gay minuet.
At last the day came. Through the long afternoon
They danced to the throb of a cavalier's tune;
They danced till the day was shrvielled and thin
To the soft low blur of the mandolin
And the age-worn harp that stood by the wall,
Where the first white beams of the moonlight fall.
But sudden as lightning there clamored a blast,
And the lords and the ladies grew pale and aghast.
They looked far away, and, in gold trappings dressed,
They saw a brave knight coming out of the west—
Coming out of the west in the glow and the gloom
An armor-clad knight with a lily-white plume.
He rode to the rampart; his loud bugle rang;
The bridge rattled down with a clamor and clang.
He urged his steed forward and leaped to the ground;
Their weapons were useless; their tongues they were bound.

The knight gave the word, and the music began,
And a tremor of joy conquered maiden and man.
Sweet Annie of Blois, in her diamonds and jet,
Tripped light with the knight through the gay minuet.
How loving her heart, how happy her sigh,
Was seen in the glow of her heaven-blue eye.
The knight gave the word, and the harps died away,
And the midnight was deep on the mountains of gray.
The guests whispered softly in crowds and in parts,
"What knight of the moorlands has conquered our hearts?
The Baron of Blois, who was weazened and old,
Whose heart was thick and whose blood was cold,
Spoke up to the knight of the lily-white plume,
"You have conquered our souls, you have made you a room
Deep down in our hearts, and I beg you with tears
To dwell with us here through the numberless years."
But the knight of the lily-white plume answered, "No,
Sweet Annie of Blois would I have e'er I go;
I would bear her away to a wind-beaten crest,
To a castle that waits in the far-away west,
And there should we dwell till the stars should grow gray
And the mountains fall down and the heavens decay."
The guests were aghast, and the maiden bowed down
Like an ermine-robed queen who was taking a crown.
The maiden spoke softly and said, "My behest
Is to go to the castle that waits in the west;
To love and to follow in glow and in gloom
The armor-clad knight with the lily-white plume."
There was silence on all, and each bosom was still,
And the west wind was calling on moor and on hill.
The Baron said, "Go, it 's my will and behest—
Bear Annie of Blois far away to the west."
So they saddled the steeds, and the two rode away
In the starlight of morn when the daylight was gray.

So this is the tale, and so it is told
By the firesides of farmers when evenings are cold,
How the knight of the plume with his bearing so high
Made every one love him who looked in his eye.
And oft, say the shepherds, when day is at rest,
They can see the gold turrets agleam in the west;
They can hear the soft words in the glow and the gloom
Of Annie of Blois and her knight of the plume.

By now the night was growing old;
The dawn-winds swept the mountains cold;
And in the distance far away
The stars and moon were growing gray.

The Poet arises and speaks thus:

Sweet masters mine, the brown eyes of the day
Peep softly o'er the purple eastern way;
The stars are gone; the moon doth shine no more;
The morning winds knock softly at the door;
One bugling bird calls clear in yonder vale;
And hark! was that sweet call the nightingale?
Ah, no! 't is winter now; 'twas but the teams
Of faery Mab a-free from sleep and dreams
A-sailing to the Islands of the Blest
Along the borders of the yellow west.
Then let 's away! but pledge one cup of wine
To life and health, sweet masters mine!
So ho! So ho!
Sweet masters mine!
And may life be all jollity,
Sweet masters mine!
So ho!

—*Brodie Payne.*

The Sons of Eternity.

Although not generally known, there exists in the University of Arkansas a club called the Sons of Eternity, composed of congenial companions, who have for their object the perpetuation of the Long Smoke in the pipe-way. In a remote corner of the town this club has three rooms, furnished like the palace of Solomon, where the members meet in council, and where the Fire on the Sacred Hearth is never allowed to die. The most important laws are that the Purple Chair of Nicotine shall *never* be vacant, and that a cloud of smoke shall come forth continually from the mouth of the occupant until he is relieved by the member next in order. An old man, Grand Keeper of the Fire-place, is always present, who keeps the fire in a constant shower of flames, so that the members, however great or small the hour they arrive may have a place to ignite their tapers and light their pipes in blissful content. No member ever dies, for as soon as he shows signs of dissolution he is buried in a dense cloud of smoke and relegated to the Land of the Past, where the minds of his brothers never go. Cigars and cigarettes are not allowed—only the heavenly clouds of the soporiferous pipe are permitted to drift along the Purple Halls.

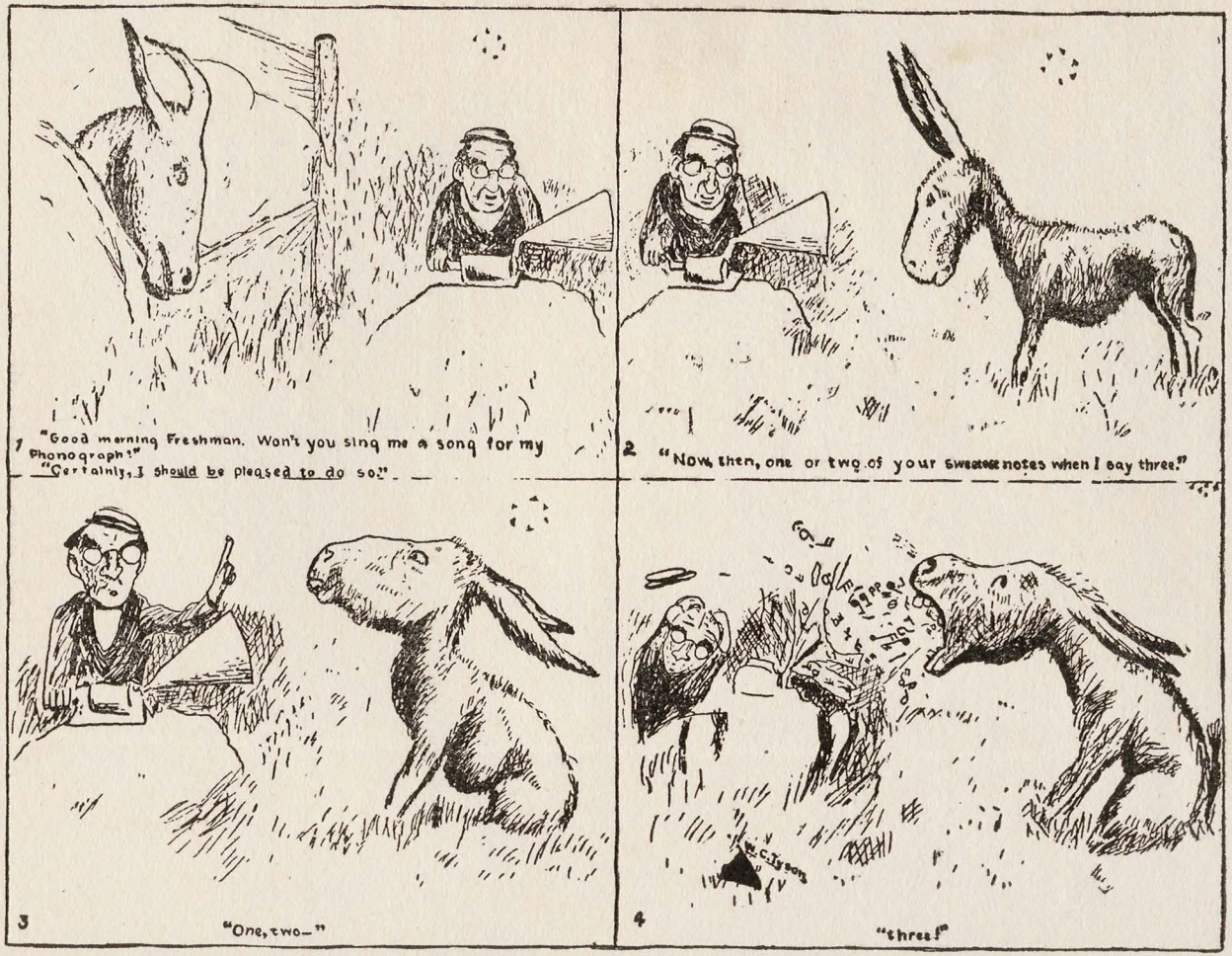
Elections are held once a year on the 30th day of September in the dark of the moon. Many of the members are very old, and have blown smoke in the faces of our fathers when they were college boys thirty years ago. So were the Sons of Eternity in the past, so are they now, so will they be in the future, as long as the delicate fumes of the Indian weed give to mortals the passport into the land of anodyne and oblivion.

Fratres in Universitate.

FAY WEBSTER.....*Grand Master of the Palace.*
BARON DE MAHONY.....*Grand Keeper of the Hall.*
ABDUL HAMED.....*Grand Keeper of the Sacred Fire.*

FAY COTHAM.
P. K. HAMILTON.
G. D. MCGRAW.
J. S. HARRIS.
D. K. SADLER.
H. A. DINSMORE.
A. S. IRBY.
J. T. WATSON.
WILLIAM JETT.

BRODIE PAYNE.
CLAUDE BURROWS.
J. J. JAMES.
G. F. LEFLER.
F. M. HARPER.
T. E. TRIGG.
FRED BERRY.
T. C. CHEW.
PETE HUTTON.



The song of the Freshman or the broken Phonograph.

Definitions of a Kiss.

(By Various Students)

The lovers' joy.

A perfumed sugar plum to sweeten the breath.

Nothing divided by 2.

A thing of no use to one, but perfect bliss to two.

A mixture of Paradise, Purgatory, and Hades.

A contact of tulips.

A kiss is a kiss, but the value varies directly with the good looks of the girl and inversely with the infatuation of those concerned.

An infinite quanity.

Something contagious.

A snatch of heavenly bliss.

A medium through which the rays of affection travel fastest.

Not always what "it 's cracked up" to be.

A conjunction.

Something both impulsive and repulsive.

Something too good to keep, but not always easy to give away.

What a child receives free, what a young man steals, what an old man buys, and what an old maid can not possibly get.

It is time wasted, but such a pleasurable waste that one could wish to waste the same time twice or twice the same time.

A collision of the lips.

A spontaneous meeting of the lips, which is more pleasant to execute than to describe.

A dream, first and all the time.

It is an elliptical (a lip tickle) shape.

A loud report heard at the front door on dark nights and a reminder to parents of happier days.

A face-to-face proposition.

A touch of glory.

A Dictionary of College Slang.

Canned.—To be expelled or suspended from school. This word is of uncertain origin, but probably comes from the Latin *canis,* meaning dog. This derivation is accounted for by the fact that students are occasionally expelled for *canning* dogs—that is, tying cans to their tails.

Flunker.—One who continually fails in his classes and on examinations; derivation analogous to the Latin *fluitare,* to flow, to drift,—that is, one who drifts along easily.

Prof.—A person who teaches in a university. From the Latin *professio,* a declaration—that is, a person who merely declares and puts forth no argument.

Math-eater.—An animal that devours calculus. This animal is very rare, found only in the jungles of Africa. It has big eyes, high cheek bones, long fangs for teeth, and ears that stand out like miniature sails.

Freshman.—An animal that is a cross between a cabbage and a sunflower.

Diddy.—To make a diddy—that is, to make a motion as if you would jump on another fellow and whip him. It is illustrated in this sentence: "Don't make any diddies at me, or I will lick you."

To cut.—That is, to absent yourself from class with malice aforethought.

To work.—Usually used in the sense "to work a prof"—that is, to get on the good side of him and get him to give you a pass.

A stand-in is closely allied to "work," and is used in almost the same sense.

E.—An E is a passport to heaven.

G.—A G is a second-class ticket on the hallelujah train.

F.—An F is a very common term, which needs no definition.

P.—A P stands for *poor* and for *pa* and for *put.*

Prep.—This is an animal just one notch lower in the scale of civilization than the Freshman. (See *Freshman*).

To kill or *eat up.*—These terms refer to a person who immortally slays his lessons.

A scrub is a person who plays on any college team below the second.

A knocker is a being who grumbles at everything in all kinds of weather.

To cram means to put into one's head in two hours the contents of a text-book which it takes three months to learn.

A grind is a big, yellow, dried-up worm that lives between the pages of a text-book.

A pony is a gray-looking thoroughbred from the stable of *Hinds & Noble.*

To pass is a verb, and means to get through a term's work by the skin of one's teeth.

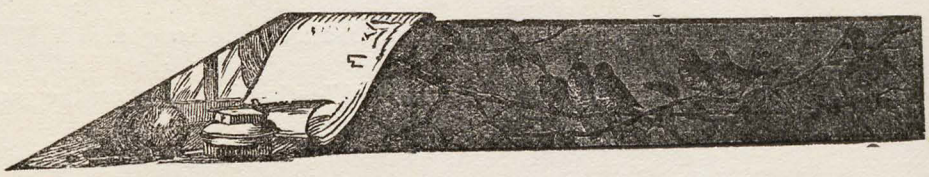
Exam.—Synonymous to "The Reign of Terror." It is a thing that tries men's souls.

To squeeze through means just to make a pass; it is a long, lean, Ichabod-Crane-looking F.

Slob.—A word of military origin, which has no synonym; sometimes applied to novelists.

A buttinsky.—A person who has on his forehead horns tipped with brass; a person who always comes into the room when one is writing a letter to one's girl.

A rooter is one who roots—that is, a person who yells himself hoarse cheering for the home eam.



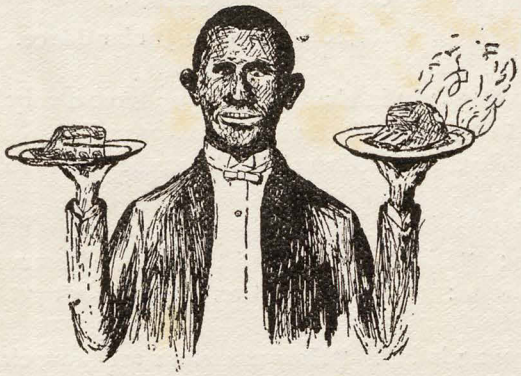
Statistics

Most popular professor, Dr. Brough
Brightest student, B. M. Kitchens
Prettiest young lady, Carrie Van Valkenburg
Handsomest young man, C. M. Reves
Most popular young lady, Irene Manning
Most popular young man, Ray Legate
Brightest young lady, Irene Stockton
Brightest young man, Homer Buford
Best student actor, W. H. Rector
Best student actress, Mabel Chapman
Best all-round athlete, J. T. Watson
Best foot ball player, L. S. Olney
Best basket ball player, Madge Campbell
Most cultured student, Nellie Wilson
Greatest prevaricator, Berry King
Shakespeare's greatest play, Macbeth



ROOM SNAP SHOTS.

ROASTS RARE



AND WELL DONE

Roasts Rare and Well Done.

Mandolins making music;
Eyes that glow and glance,
Come on, Miss Carolina,
Let 's go to the Junior dance.

Prof. Bloom (to young lady in class): "As you have a very small knowledge of algebra, I would advise you not to take up physics until next year."

Young Lady: "Why, Prof. Bloom! But maybe *you* won't be teaching physics next year."

Professor Shannon: "Didn't you get Swift out of the library?"

Miss Beaulah Williams: "Why, I tried to, and couldn't get Swift at all."

Dr. Johnson (to young lady): "How numerous and how close together are the nerves of the body?"

Young Lady: "I don't just exactly know, Professor."

Dr. Johnson: "Mr. Craig, please stick a pin in the young lady."

Professor Shannon: "Mr. T. W. Davis, please throw your gum out the window."

"Big" Davis (misunderstanding the question): "I can't conjugate it to-day, sir; I haven't studied the lesson."

"Mr. Schimmelpfennig must be a genius of some kind."

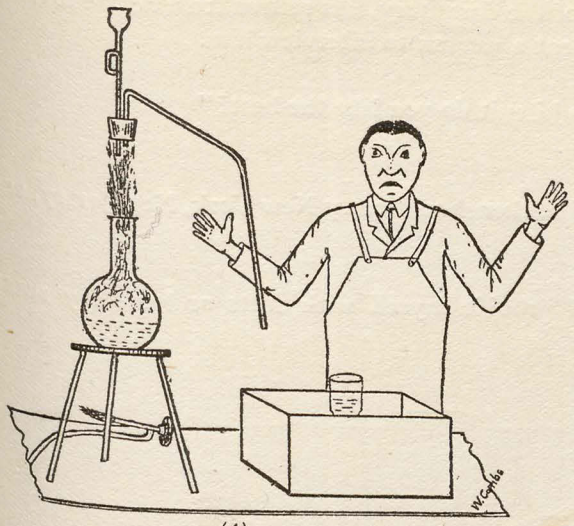
"Why?"

"He has such an unpronounceable name."

Pruett: "McCrory is the luckiest fellow I ever saw."

Brunskog: "How 's that?"

Pruett: "A wagon ran over him the other day and broke his leg, and now he doesn't have to drill."



(1)



(2)

Beulah W.: "I am no writer, but I sing songs instead."
Taber: "Yes, and we have to listen to them."

Miss Jordan: "Professor Shannon, what is an idiom?"
Professor Shannon: "You had better look it up and see."

THE CARDINAL runs the editors and the editors run the subscribers and the subscribers run away. Please sing the doxology."

Johnson Chapman was heard to remark:

"This old world, my fellows,
Is bright as it can be;
But the next old world that 's blazin'—
That 's what 's a-botherin' me."

Mashburn: "Van says Beulah is pretty."
McCullough: "Yes; he knows he 'd better."

Guy Hudgins: "I wonder what the wind is saying?"
She: "Hold your tie and listen."

One-half the world wonders how a Freshman survives it.

Sue: "So that girl in the Senior Class is married?"
He: "Yes, she married a home and got a boarding-house."

Dr. Brough (very seriously): "More money was in circulation in 1873 than at any other time. Of course, you all remember it."

Mr. B. A. Spradlin, the bald-headed man of the dormitory, has retired from active life, and will positively speak to no man. They have sent a woman to interview him.

Dr. Johnson: "Mr. Davis, what part of a biscuit do you like the best?"
John Bull: "The hot part."

Dan K. Sadler: "Wouldn't it be funny if Parker should carry New York, New Jersey, and Indiana, and get elected?"

Captain Brunskog's quandary: "Shall I provide myself with stilts or have my sword cut off?"



THE FRESHMAN

Grubbs' philosophy: "A boy's hard time comes when the girl quits and he can't; but the girl's hard time comes when she quits and the boy won't."

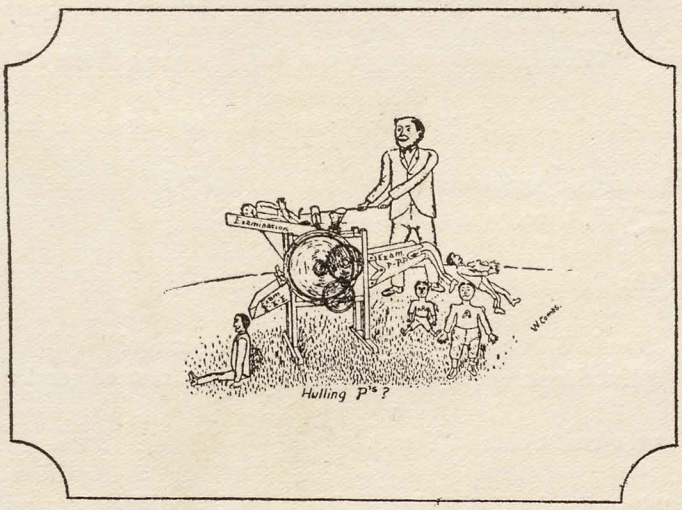
At 3:30 Brockman drills Company E and at 4:30 he smokes a cigar.

"Boys, what makes W. E. Dickinson look so rusty?"
"Oh, he 's been lost up in St. Louis."

Professor Shannon (calling the roll): "J. K. Mahony!" (No response.) "*Mr.* J. K. Mahony!"
"Here!"

Found—One dilapidated pocketbook with the cover torn and latchets disarranged, containing nothing but a piece of paper with the following inscription: "Property of the Athletic Association."

"Mr. Davis, why don't you play foot ball?"
J. B. Davis: "I have too much respect for God's handiwork as represented by my person."



Collin's motto: "Learning does little for one without love."

Professor Shannon: "Mr. Coker, what is the 'inverted order' in German?"
Coker: "Why, that means—to—turn the sentence around so you can read it from both ends."

John B. Davis (making a speech in favor of caps and gowns): "I wouldn't wear a cap and gown, but it 's↩ he only time in a lifetime that I 'll get to wear a mother hubbard without the police interfering."

Dr. Brough: "How much does a hole in a coin reduce its value?"
Mr. Kitchens: "It depends on the size of the hole."

Professor Reynolds (to class in history): "Your text-book will be an excellent guide for conducting the review, together with your notes."

Dr. Brough: "How far do we take to-day?"
Mr. Robbins: "To the bottom of page 69."
Mr. Crooms: "To the top of page 70."
Mr. Robbins (earnestly): "Oh, Crooms, I know better."

Professor Reynolds: "Mr. Grubbs, name some of the craft guilds in King John's time."
Mr. Grubbs: "Plumbers and locomotive engineers."

Professor Reynolds: "Mr. Sadler, what was the trouble in Sicily?"
Mr. Sadler: "I believe Frederick had gone down there."
Professor Reynolds: "Frederick had gone down in the grave. It might have been better for him if he had gone to Sicily."

A certain young lady whenever she sees "Pappy" Spradlin's bald head begins to sing immediately: "And the moon rose o'er the city, behind the dark church tower."

Percy Pope says: "Give every man your ear, but few your money."

Pete Hutton was heard to say: "Flunk in haste and repent at leisure."

Taber: "No thinking person would commit suicide."
Miss Thomas: "Well, then, you want to be careful."

In the Garland, Mr. Grubbs rises to a "pint" of order.

Friend: "Say, how is Sam getting along at the University?"
Proud Father: "Excellent, excellent. He came home a darned good two-stepper."

Ask Olney about the coal-chute in Texas.

Dr. Johnson: "I am so fond of bright colors that I would wear a red coat to school if nothing would be said about it."
J. B. D.: "Well, Professor, doesn't our psychology say that a love for bright colors is a tendency toward savagery?"

Professor Shapper (to a boy expectorating out the window): "Young man, don't do that you might somebody spit on the head."

The combined age of three members of the Senior Class is eighty-seven years. Guess who they are.

Olney says he can't keep his windows clean. Carter and Whitehead could tell him some more about it.

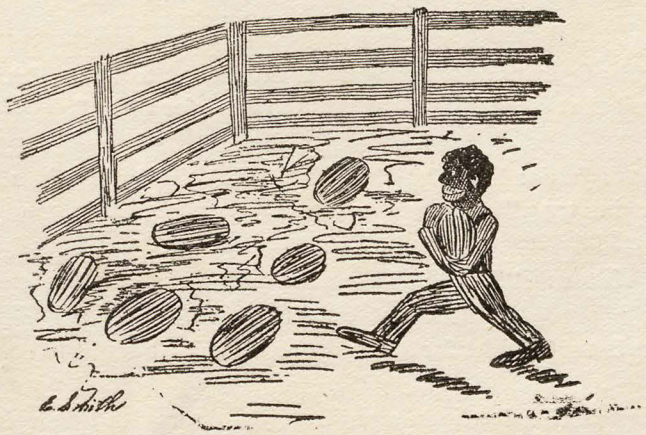
Professor Shapper (giving an illustration with a tuning fork): "Now, we will hit him and listen to the color of the sound."

Hicks Stone will issue his new astronomy in May with a special chapter on the changes of the moon. This book is most complete, no phase of the workings of the heavens being left out. The book is printed in bold black type, with an introduction by Professor Droke.

The dormitory always brings to mind the name of one of Dickens' famous novels—"Bleak House."

That breakfast gong, that breakfast gong!
What tragedy is wrapped in song!
Of coffee thin and biscuits green,
And oleo spread all between!

Brunskog says he wonders how many more years there will be before people will call him "Captain" and not laugh.



A WAR NOTE—"MILLIONS FOR DEFENSE"

"Did you fall on the snow?"
"No," answered Dr. Brough, "it was in the library, thank you, sir."

Some one gave Miss Mary Cole a cat Christmas, and she named it "Ray."

The commandant came one morning
To Blackshire's room and said:
"Oh, Mr. Blackshire, don't you think
You 'd better wash your head?"

J. M. Wilson: "Rhyne, how often does the *Saturday Evening Post* come out?"
Rhyne: "Once a week, I think."

Mr. Walls (in Sophomore English): "Swift's 'girl' died and he went mad."

Professor Reynolds: "Mr. Jett, during the Middle Ages, what kind of gifts did the serf have to give to the lord of the manor?"

Mr. Jett: "Two hens and a rooster."

Professor Reynolds: "And on what days did the serf make these gifts to his lord?"

Mr. Jett: "At Christmas, Thanksgiving, and the Fourth of July."

He entered the yard right joyful,
And strode up the stairs with bliss;
The old man saw and broke his jaw,
And
the
youth
came
down
like
this!

The following highly figurative literary gem is attributed to Percy Craig: "The meanest flower that lives is a well that often gives thoughts too deep for tears."

Here is a specimen of Junior English: "Swift was born in Ireland in 1667, and, greatly to his regret, died there in 1745."

A toast to Melvin Wilson: "Raised at the dormitory and lives in a 'green house.' "

William Cullen Bryant subscribes for a weekly, and thinks it ought to come once a day.

Dr. Brough (trying laboriously to pin a paper to the door with a hairpin): "Harry, have you got a hatchet in your pocket?"

Mr. Harris (getting Professor Purdue to sign his leave of absence): "I 'm going to join the Navy, Professor, so I won't have any more need for geology."

Professor Purdue: "Mr. Harris, you'll find need for geology anywhere you go—even on the ocean."

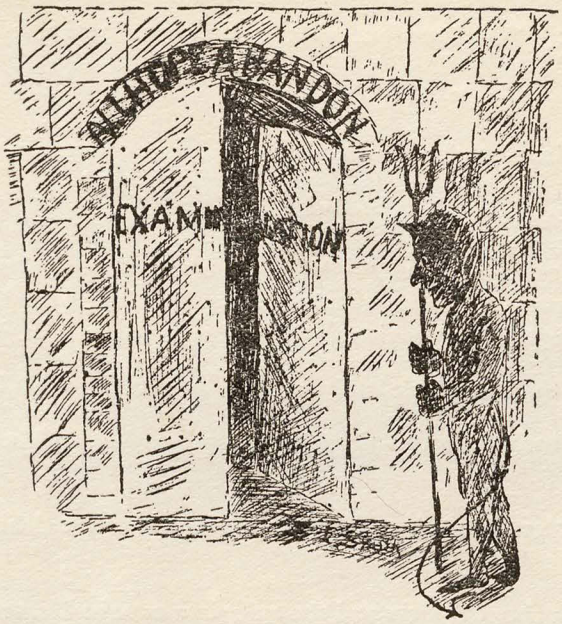
Mr. Harris: "Professor, is ocean water stratified?"

Van Valkenburgh (giving statistics in economics): "One hundred and fifty per cent of the children in factories are under twenty-one years of age."

A Sophomore engineer to the O. D.: "Say, Mister, can you tell me where the general library is?"

The O. D.: "It 's the second door to your left down the hall."

Engineer (a few moments later): "Say, Mister, I don't want to go in there; why, them fellers are studyin'."



E. L. Carter at 'Newport"—She: "Mr. Carter, I get so homesick every time I see you."

Mr. Carter: "Thank you. I am very much gratified to be informed of your superb fascination, delectation, and approbation whenever you look in tenderness at me. But it would fill me with the utmost satisfaction if you would only inform me why you grow so homesick at seeing me."

She: "Your bald head, sir, reminds me so much of papa's."

A Song of "Daddy."

(Tune, "Just because she made those goo goo eyes.")

Dad Grubbs, he surely is a freak of fate;
He 's got no hair upon his polished pate;
There are dimples on his chin,
Where the smiles go out and in—
Yes, old Daddy is a freak of fate.

Just because old Daddy butted in;
The boys they thought it was a fearful sin.
His ancient head is white
And it shines out in the night,
Just because old Daddy butted in.

A great many sad things have happened this year, but the saddest of all is Governor Jones' famous trip to Van Buren."

Drs. Hartzog and Brough enjoy a glass of the new drink called "liquizone."

Professor Reynolds: "Mr. Burrows, what is the contribution of the Greeks to modern civilization?"
Mr. Burrows: "The Huns."

Dr. Brough: "Mr. Irby, you can make a living in a great many more ways to-day than you could fifty years ago, can you not?"
Mr. Irby: "I g-u-e-s-s so, Dr. Brough."

Nolan Mitchell was called up over the 'phone the other day and was offered an excellent position on a railroad survey. He was to take Mr. Smiley along with him as his rodman, but it seems that neither accepted the position. Mitchell says it was all a joke.

W. C. Holland went to Little Rock lately, and mistook an automobile for a street car.

Walter Combs was nearly blown to pieces by several students of the occult from the chemical laboratory.

Joe Harris says the "grub" at Annapolis can't compare to the delicacies he used to eat at the dormitory.

Ask Baker to tell you about Andrix and the cider in a cave in Benton County. Andrix is a swell fellow.

C. E. Oates is taking a thorough course in anti-fat. He told some one the other day that he would get a degree in it in July.

Alex Whitehead wore his Senior cap and gown all night last March.

C. E. Myrick got into a rough house last winter, and he has been limping ever since.

They say that the Senior Committee stands for justice, but Billy Jett says he can't see it that way.

Young Lady (to Hicks Stone): "Can you crochet?"
Hicks: "No, but I can make delightful fudge."

Definitions of "Home."

Any old place I can hang my hat, is home sweet home to me.
A place where I would like to be—where mother is.
A foundry for moulding character.
Where I am not when I pretend that I am.
Something that everybody who has not won, is trying to win.
A place where the board bill comes very rarely.
A place too sweet to be appreciated.
Happiness complete.
Often a circus, sometimes a menagerie, and rarely a den.
Any old place, but the dormitory.
A place where you can go when you can't go anywhere else.
Wherever my hat is off.
Heaven when you are away from it.
Where my "ma" stays.
Departmental Library of English.
Where bread and butter taste best.
A thousand miles from the dormitory.
The only taste of heaven that some of us will ever get.
A paradise for a hungry boy.
A place to sleep in at night, and where you can put your feet under the table three times a day.
Nothing like it.
Heaven.
Where the kitchen is made out of cake, and the cellar is made out of cream.
The nearest thing to paradise.
A place where one is always welcome.
A thing desired by many, but not often attained, except by the fortunate ones.
Not the dormitory.
A place where a boy longs to return for one reason, and does not return for another reason.
A terrestial heaven.
A refuge in a time of storm.
The one place where we are always pretty sure of a welcome.
Every body's palace.
The place where I eat, drink and sleep—the scene of my life, and the place of my sepulcher.
Where I am satisfied to work and be contented.
Where my lady love is.
Be it ever so humble, it is better than this—(the dormitory).
A place where you can shoot or sing; laugh or cry—and receive sympathy.
Where "grub" tastes best.



The Watchman.

"Watchman, what of the night?
What say the stars of Fate?"

A. A. EVINS, Captain of Company H, 15th Regiment, Northwest Arkansas Infantry Volunteers, Confederate States of America (never surrendered).

Never In a Thosuand Years —

Will Harry Hunt quit talking.

Will Ham Dinsmore quit rooting.

Will the University clock keep time.

Will drill be abolished.

Will E. D. De Loney love a Jap.

Will Terry Fields quit singing.

Will there be quietude in the English library.

Will Dr. Brough cease being polite.

Will the guns in the armory be kept clean.

Will Tissimo Carter cease going out at night.

Will A. D. Pope quit talking slow.

Will Percy Craig get a new derby.

Will John Bull Davis get tired of cracking jokes.

Will Tom Trigg throw away his pipe.

Will R. D. Mesler quit chasing strata of rocks.

Will J. R. Pruett quit cramming for exams six months before hand.

Will C. W. Cromwell vote for caps and gowns.

Will J. M. Grubbs stop butting in.

Will A. S. Irby find a happy home.

Will Wallace Bradbury Carr go back to *Quincy.*

Will Justin Gray stop school.

Will Roy Coker ever use slang.

Will F. G. Lefler quit singing.

Will Louis Weber learn Latin.



He slept at the lonely gloaming;
 He died at the birth of night;
And out in the sky the stars were cold,
 And the world was roofed in white.

We bore him out in the windy hills,
 And buried the angel—dead;
We turned the sod from the rabbit's home,
 And the mould from the daisy's bed.

So that is the reason my heavy heart,
 At the wane of the golden fall,
Grows sick and sad when the daisies sleep,
 And the north winds softly call.

In Memoriam.

Jesse Lee Mellor,

Born March 2, 1885.

Died October 5, 1904.

Wallace Montgomery Carothers,

Born December 10, 1887.

Died November 11, 1904.

Elbert Marvin Baker,

Born March 7, 1882.

Died February 8, 1905.

University of Arkansas Library

Best Books for Young People.

(Compiled by the Librarian.)

MARY HAD A LITTLE SHEEP. By C. W. Cromwell. A book telling of the many and divers adventures of the famous animal. Several chapters are headed thus: "How the Lamb Acted in Sunday-school"; "How the Lamb Enjoyed the Louisiana Purchase Exposition"; "How the Lamb Butted In"; etc.

THE MELODIES OF MOTHER GOOSE (horribly modernized.) By Rena Shore.

A FRESHMAN IN LILIPUT. Lucie Haskell.

THE BANDIT CAT. By Grace Jordan. Telling of the escapades of a gallant cat who lived in the time of King William, the Norman. It tells how this cat stormed and captured a castle containing forty thousand men, thus throwing the deeds of Robin Hood and his merrie good fellows into insignificance. Recommended to be used in all nurseries.

DER BAUERNJUNGE. By Irene Stockton. The story of a poor struggling country boy in Berlin. Recommended to all who wish to rise in the world by their own merit. The book acts as a sort of stimulant.

'TIS TWILIGHT AND OTHER NURSERY RHYMES. By Charlie Webb. Mr. Webb is a young poet who has caught the mystic atmosphere that lies about childhood and who has placed it in a tangible form in this beautiful red and gold book. All Freshmen should read it.

HOW TO CATCH MINNOWS WITH A PIN. By C. P. Wilson. This valuable book throws some fine light on the art and technique of angling in a tub with a pin. The author remarks that galvanized iron tubs are the best, but the old washing-tub may be used with some success.

HOW TO MAKE PAPER DOLLS. By J. Hicks Stone. Models for Parisian dolls are shown, also American, English, Dutch, and Negroti dolls. The author has a special chapter of twenty-five pages on "My Collection of Paper Dolls."

The Land Where They Don't Have to Drill.

(Respectfully Dedicated to the Commandant.)

In the Land Where They Don't Have to Drill
 There are clouds in the far-away sky;
There are carols of birds in the murmuring trees,
 And a song in the winds as they sigh.
There are glimmering streams in the vision-like vales;
 There 's a crown on each sky-reaching hill;
And the far-away blue is a-calling to you
 In the Land Where They Don't Have to Drill.

To the Land Where They Don't Have to Drill
 I am going as soon as I can;
I shall make me a bed in the shade of a tree—
 So leave me alone, Mr. Man.
I am going to stay for a year and a day
 And do just whatever I will;
I shall weep no sad tears, but shall sleep forty years
 In the Land Where They Don't Have to Drill.

In the Land Where They Don't Have to Drill
 The commandant 's never allowed;
The heart is as light as a bird in its flight,
 Or a breeze as it rests on a cloud.
So break all the guns and burn all the belts—
 Do with them whatever you will;
But leave me alone and let me go on
 To the Land Where They Don't Have to Drill.

In the Land Where They Don't Have to Drill
 There 's nothing to do but to snore;
There 's nothing to do but to sleep the day through,
 Then eat and then slumber some more.
Good-bye to the sergeants and captains and all,
 I leave with a hearty good will;
I shall ne'er get a "stick" and I go double quick
 To the Land Where They Don't Have to Drill.

—*B. P.*

Songs Recently Published.

(By Popular Authors.)

She Kissed Me in the Moonlight. By Harry Breck Taber. The song is a very sad story of blighted love, and has a very appropriate and significant title. Sold at all book-stores.

Will You Love Me When I 'm Old? By B. A. Spradlin. This young writer has the unusual power of portraying the feelings of an old man. If he lives forty years longer he will probably become a great writer.

I Was Only Squeezing You. By J. M. Grubbs. This song needs no recommendation. The name of the writer on the title page is enough. He is said to be a dark-haired sentimental young man, who moves in the highest literary circles.

Retreat, Boys, They Are Shooting at Us. By Welch Gregg. This song breathes a military air throughout, and bespeaks of one who is nimble on his feet. It is unusual to find a military man who is a poet of such force.

When the Nigger Man Turns White. By Ernest Drease De Loney. This is a humorous song, which tells of the many wonderful things that will happen when the negro turns white. We advise all our readers to purchase it and sing it, as it is undoubtedly a masterpiece of sly humor, such as Mr. De Loney alone is able to create.

To Far New Zealand Will I Go and Live There Till I Die. By P. L. Blackshire. A spirited ballad of a wild and woolly country. A full-sized picture of the young writer, dressed in native costume, adorns the title page.

'T is Twilight at Johnson Switch. By E. L. Carter. This is a sad song of blighted love nipped in the bud. Those who know the promising young writer say that he is a firmly-set young man with sad, longing eyes, which seem to be gazing into dreamland, far away.

Old Granny Rattletrap. By F. G. Lefler. This is a comic song, and is sung exclusively by the author. He has given recitals in several large cities, and he has met with a world of applause. Don't fail to hear it.

Give Me a Hamburger or I Die. By David McKean. This is a sad tale of an orphan in the city who goes about the streets during a cold night night crying, "Give me a hamburger or I die." The poor little child finally dies in the early morning. No one could have surpassed Mr. McKean in the death scene; it runs thus:

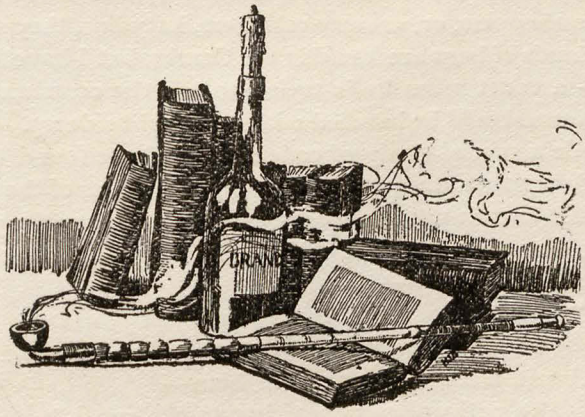
"He dreamed he had a hamburger
That was old as Methusalem;
The orphan died, and then he said,
'Is n't that the New Jerusalem?' "

When I Was on the Bum. By G. G. McCrory. This is a ballad containing more truth than fiction. It tells how the author lived for thirty days on thirty cents. The author would probably make a better economist than poet.

I Am a Butt-in, Don't You Know. By William Cullen Bryant. A very real and truthful tale of a "Butt-in," which is probably taken from the life of the author himself. Mr. Bryant is peculiarly fitted to write such a work.

When the Hot Air Gives Out. By H. G. Hunt. A very truthful song, and a subject well adapted to the talent of the writer.

Prunes, Prunes, Prunes, Morning, Night, and Noon. By Percy Pope. The idea that predominates throughout the poem is the idea of a change of diet. The author seems to be tired of eating prunes, prunes, prunes. Some one might recommend some good breakfast food to him.



Sweet Bells Out of Tune.

The other day the writer stepped into the President's office, and, to pass away the time, he put his ear to the 'phone, which is connected with all the professors' rooms, the Experiment Station, and the dormitory. He heard the following harmonious melody, which was evidently caused by a peculiar condition of the telephone wires. Each dash indicates where some one broke in:

The letters of Stella are the purr of the tiger ——— which lay in the pyramids of Egypt for a thousand years ——— and as young grass is good for growing cows, it is well to feed them enough ——— while the area of the surface of a sphere of radius r is $4\pi r2$. The cube root of 27 is ——— the imperialistic idea direct from Rome ——— air ships will run from San Francisco to New York ——— when the dormitory is freed from microbes and all the rooms are thoroughly disinfected. The steak at the dormitory is ——— a relic of the carboniferous period. It contains fossils which man has never fully understood. The Brentwood limestone occurs in ——— Book II. of Cæsar's Gallic War, in which ——— $H2\ SO4$ was found to be a very strong acid ——— Dante's "Inferno" is the masterpiece of Italian literature. "Macbeth" is an excellent English play. The witches are very natural ——— (the O. D. breaks in) "Yes, I reported ten of them for cutting chapel and breaking Reg. 50, and I think they will be up before the Discipline Committee before long. I think they will be fired, but" ———since they are nothing but grasshoppers, or, as some call them, katydids, they should not be molested. A great many different kinds of bugs are found in the Ozarks, but I have found no kind that is as interesting as ——— a cadet when he is trying to tell the commandant why he cut drill. Boys are strange things and should be handled with care, right side up. Ever since I have been in the army I have made a special study of cadets, and I have found them to be ——— a menace to the State of Arkansas, as they eat up all the green leaves of the trees, and, not satisfied with this, they sometimes turn in upon cabbage farms and destroy the plants entirely. When these insects are young they are green, but they become browner as they grow older. Several years ago they were harmless, but ———

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

PREPVILLE
3 YRS.
SENIORTON
2 YRS.
HANDY LITERAL TRANSLATION
CICERO.
Rivals and Nobbs
Publishers

Fashion Notes for Students.

(Just from Paree.)

If you hang your hat in the cloak-room, it is fashionable this year to keep your eye on it.

Don't wear a dress suit if you have four straight periods.

Gloves are not worn unless you are handling a professor.

It is not necessary to say "excuse me" if you flunk in class—the professor will do all the talking necessary.

Patent leather shoes are not worn at drill this season.

Base-ball bats and firearms should not be brought into the class-room.

Military trousers are made wider at the bottom this year than last.

The brain may be used to a certain extent during examinations.

It is not good form to leave the class-room before the period is up, unless the professor has gone home.

Overalls and arctic shoes are not worn in the Latin and Greek classes this year.

It is not the custom in Paris to carry the Latin pony in one's hand to class.

It is the latest and most approved style to handle live wires with gloves.

Cigarettes are not smoked in the halls by the *élite*, but they are smoked to some extent in the basement.

The latest thing in cutting drill is to have a sore toe.

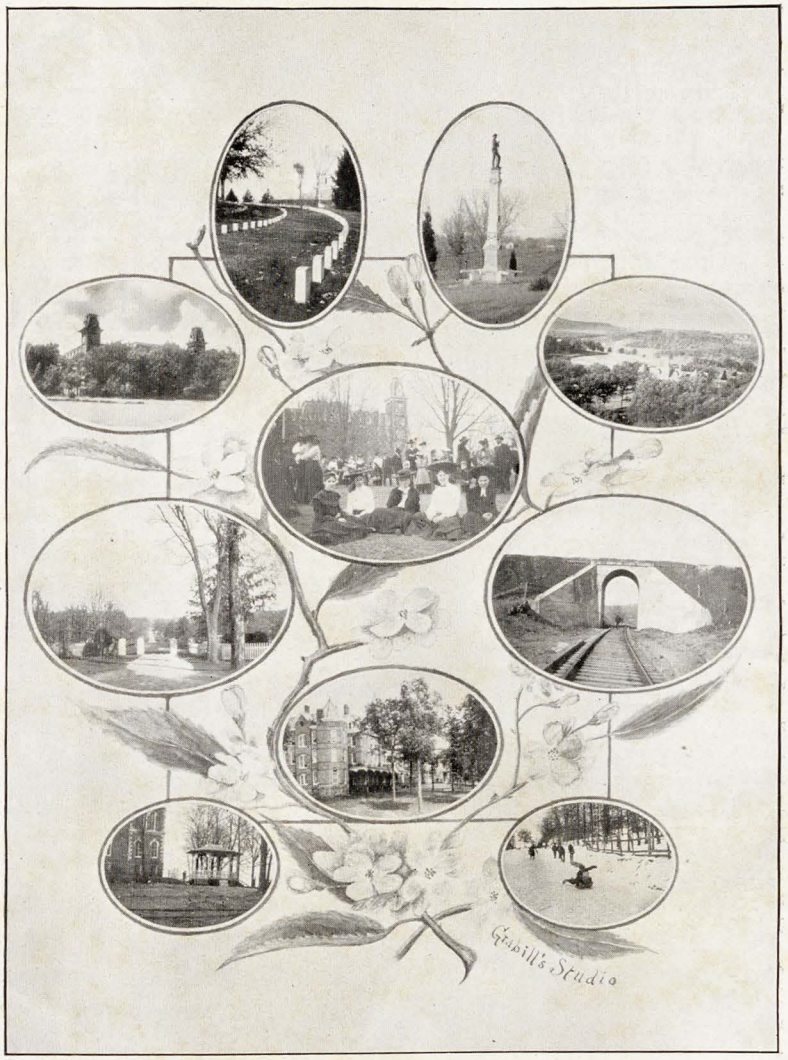
Chapel exercises are conducted at 8:20 every morning except Saturday, as this is the latest from Paris.

Politics will be the rage this winter and spring.

It is not considered just the proper caper to throw snow balls in the halls when the commandant is looking.

Among the most fashionable it is not the style to cut class more than five times during one term.

Under certain circumstances, base ball can not be played in Athletic Park on Sunday.



In and Around Fayetteville.

Quatrains.

(Written by Various Students During the Voting Contest.)

Tommie got up to the board—
His work looked very fine;
When called on to explain he said:
"That work is none of mine."

If I were you and you were me,
And we were both each other,
What a mixture there would be
If each were the other's brother!

Long have I toiled for thee and prayed;
While others failed and left thee I have stayed;
And now thou art mine, O Calculus divine!
Though I began to get thee in ninety-nine.

I have n't time
To write a line,
For now to flunk
Means pack my trunk.

A maid—a man—an open fan;
A seat upon the stair—
A stolen kiss—six weeks of bliss,
And forty years of care.

The autumn leaves are falling,
Falling here and there;
Falling through the atmosphere
And likewise through the air.

'Varsity girls are tall,
And 'Varsity girls are pretty;
And 'Varsity girls are small,
And 'Varsity girls are witty.

I had a little dog
And his name was Davy;
And when he died
I sopped his tail in gravy.

The boy stood on the moonlit deck,
His head was all awhirl;
His face and eyes were full of hair,
And his arms were full of girl.

Before long we scatter through the land,
To do all we can for our fellow-man;
And may those who take our place
Strive their best to win the race.

The period had started all right,
And the lesson was about to begin,
When the prof asked Pruett to recite
And he answered, "Me or him?"

Each day as we are called upon
Our ideas to express
About the things we do not know
We make a "shot-gun" guess.

The fools will never be dead—
I will tell you the reason why:
The young ones they grow up
Before the old ones die.

The boy sat thinking all about
The things he could not think,
Because when he had looked at her—
Well, she had wank a wink.

Here 's to the girl
Of all the rest—
To me she is prettiest,
Sweetest, and best.

O ye master of the drill!
O ye man of iron will!
Be ye kind and patient till
My excuse blank I can fill.

Where flows the calm and placid Rhine
On to the Mississippi,
There is a bright and healthy clime,
And there would I be happy.

There was a young man from Pulaski
Who planned for a trip to Alaska,
But soon he announced to his pa and ma,
"It 's cold enough in Arkansas."

She met him on the darkened lawn;
Said he, "I have some roses."
Her answer was significant—
It was, "How cold your nose is!"

He smoked his cigarette,
This youth of timid years;
For aught I know he 's smoking yet
Beyond this vale of tears

Marie hatte ein kleine lamb,
Es fleece war weiss als schnee;
Und überall dat Marie ging
Dat lamb wollt' immer geh'.

The Meet of the Kangaroo.

We knew not what his name was,
 Nor when he landed here;
But he was as fresh as a lyrical bird
 That calls in the spring of the year.
We gave him goodly warning,
 And nailed the cross on his door,
And gave him the tip with the warning lip,
 And the good Lord knows what more;
But he still kept up his folly—
 What more was there to do?
So the call went round in the deep of the night
 For the meet of the Kangaroo.

The Judge was there in his terror—
 He of the elfish eye—
And the sheriff lean with his glance of green,
 And the sergeant glared hard by.
The prisoner, pale and frightened,
 Was wilted and worn of form—
"Forty-five licks," said the pious Judge,
 "Applied till his legs are warm."
So we marched him out in the windy night,
 Out in the starlight still;
And we stretched him out on the good gray rock,
 And worked with a right good will.

And myriad are the words we say,
 And thousands the deeds we do,
When the call goes round in the deep of the night
 For the meet of the Kangaroo.

—*B. P.*

Dormitory Food Dictionary.

(Unabridged.)

Biscuits.—Sinkers, boot-heels, terrapins.
Light Bread.—Gun wadding, punk.
Corn Bread.—"Cawn" bread.
Steak.—Leather, bull, 10-year-old, old cow.
Gravy.—Sop, paste.
*Hash.—Balance brought forward, review of reviews.
Force.—Shavings, imagination, moonshine.
Milk.—Water, chalkwater.
***Oleomargarine.—Salve, lard, grease, oleo, wagon dope.
Water.—White River punch, Adam's ale.
**Coffee.—Parched beans, coffee, damaged water.
Pie.—Legal tender for all debts and bets.
Cake.—Good cake, sweet cake, nice cake.
Molasses.—Glucose, mucilage.
Beans.—Ball-bearings.
Irish potatoes.—Spuds, murphies.
Mush.—Invalids' food.
Prunes.—McKean's dish.
Honey.—Nectar, food for the gods.
Toast.—Boiled dish-rags.
Soup.—Dishwater, Duke's Mixture.
†Strawberry Short-cake.— ————.

We have never had any of the following dishes, and consequently have no names for them:

Eggs,
Preserves,
Butter,
Ice Cream,
Angel Food, *et cetera*, without end.

*Substance of things hoped for, evidence of things not seen.
**The weak point is always in the coffee and the strong point in the butter.
***We always have butter, whether the cows come home or not.
†The boys have too much respect for it to call it by any other than its proper name.

Ye Cardinal Almanack

September 14—Matriculation and classification.

September 15—Dark plans on foot in the dormitories. New boys bar their doors.

September 16—Y. M. C. A. reception at the new dormitory. Everybody has a good time; also initiation into the mysteries of dormitory life takes place a few hours later. Several tenderfeet find themselves blindfolded in the unknown parts of East Mountain. The campus also has no lack of defenders. One sentinel is court martialed for disobeying the orders of the War Department at Washington; also some pugilistic battles on the Square.

September 17—New boys go up on the tower.

September 18—Johnny Highpocket arrives on the Cannon Ball.

September 19—Dr. Hartzog requests everybody in town to matriculate.

September 21—Fifteen Latin ponies arrive in town—Kentucky thoroughbreds.

September 23—Two ponies die from overwork.

September 25—Math students make a great rush for Prof. Droke's Sunday-school class.

September 26—Setting up exercises—"Eyes and ears to the front!"

September 27—Cold weather arrives in town; straw hats go south.

October 1—Dedication of the Washington County Court House.

October 2—Sunday night; Tissimo Carter looks lonesome; no place to go. The train will not switch off at Johnson any more.

October 3—Athletic meeting. Hatchet buried. Junior Class election called. Hasty meetings on the stairways.

October 5—Pap Spradlin tells of the troubles of a bald-headed man.

October 6—Jess Moore comes out to foot ball practice.

October 8—First foot ball game of the season; Arkansas *vs.* Drury.

October 10—R. E. L. Austin in evidence. New cadets afraid to breathe.

October 12—Professor Shapper orders the O. D. to "stick" the person in the radiator who continually keeps hammering on the iron and disturbing the classes.

October 13—Winter's Rules of Order appear. A unique volume.

October 14—Mr. Grubbs says he loves his horse better than he does his wife.

October 15—Room inspection at the dormitory. "Yes, sir, I make up my bed once a day reg'lar." Schimmelpfennig makes a cozy corner and can't get it in his door. Foot ball game with Fort Scott (Kan.) Tigers; Arkansas, 22; Tigers, 0.

October 16—Abe Collins smokes a cigar on Joe Harris.

October 17—Dr. Johnson shows the Pedagogy 10 Class some stunts in hypnotism. Sophomore Class election. Ram Pearson was heard to say, "We didn't get a darn thing."

October 18—Joe Harris goes into a barber shop and asks for a "mirage"; he wanted a "massage."

October 19—Pete Hutton tells Dr. Carr that he (Pete) has never had any Shakespeare, but that he knew all about Schlitz beer.

October 20—In the Senior Class meeting, Father Grubbs wishes very strongly to have Mr. Carter's head covered upon class day with a cap, as the sun will not need a rival.

October 21—J. Hicks Stone receives a ducking at the dormitory and gets his voice wet.

October 22—Foot ball coach, Brown, has some "guss-eggs" on his head. Why wouldn't goose eggs do?

October 24—Mr. Floyd speaks in the chapel. Dr. Brough cuts economics to go to the speaking in the afternoon.

October 25—Dr. Brough tells us about the Hungarian Orchestra.

October 26—Harry Hunt drills.

October 27—Oliver Cromwell takes up "Cannon Ball, 4" and drops chapel, 1.

October 29—Mr. Meeks tells of the efficiency of the man behind the gun and the uselessness to Chew the rag in the apple orchard.

October 30—"Cannon Ball" Harry Hunt meets the train, as usual.

October 31—Hallowe'en. Mr. Joe Gardner cuts the pigeon-wing to the edification of several natives of the dormitory.

November 1—The morning after Hallowe'en. Hic!

November 2—The choir sings a new song.

November 3—Boys of the training table want to swap eggs for pie.

November 4—Gov. Jones sits up all night singing "Annie Laurie" and mourning for his lost love.

November 7—Foot ball; Fairmount *vs.* Arkansas. Great politeness displayed by Arkansas boys, who always begged pardon if they impeded the opposing team.

November 8—Welch Gregg wears an expectant air; promotions are at hand.

November 9—H. G. Hunt, corporal.

November 10—Fay Webster says that the Presidential election was the quietest Fayetteville has had since 1868.

November 14—Miss Stockton becomes professor of German I.

November 18—Junior Class reception. Jacks looks mad all the evening. What 's the matter?

November 19—An unclaimed clothes auction at the dormitory. McCrory buys a new shirt.

November 21—Professor Futrall smiles out loud in class.

November 24—The verdant Freshmen have their pictures taken.

November 25—Thanksgiving foot ball game with Rollo. Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!

November 26—The Juniors go out to practice for the Senior-Junior game.

December 1—Second Team foot ball game with Bentonville. Arkansas, 27; Bentonville, 0.

December 2—Hutton and Jett are caught in the corner of the cloak-room discussing the immortality of the soul.

December 3—Y. M. C. A. reception in Mathetian Hall. Daddy Grubbs gets choked.

December 4—Basket ball game with Bentonville.

December 5—Joe Harris is taken for an "A."

December 6—The commandant makes De Loney clean up his room.

December 8—Winters says the best thing in Fayetteville is Uncle Sam's credit system. Junior foot ball game; score, 5 to 0 in favor of the Juniors. The Seniors turned green behind the ears.

December 9—The Seniors' yell sounds lonesome in the chapel after such a terrible defeat on the gridiron.

December 10—A jolly crowd has a fine time at a reception north of the University.

December 12—Olney says he can't keep his windows clean. Carter and Whitehead say they can solve the problem.

December 13—First dress parade of the year.

December 16—The Freshman-Sophomore foot ball teams play their class game in a snow storm. Freshmen, 0; Sophomores, 0.

December 18—Some one tries to blow up the University with a firecracker. Miss Barry comes frightened and swallows her gum.

December 19—Frank Harper gets a foot-washing.

December 21—Holidays are on. Hic! Hic! Huic! Huic! Hic!

December 22—Boom!

December 23—Bang!

December 24—Crack!

December 25—Fizz! Turkey! Gobble!

December 26—Hic! Hic!

December 27—What a headache!

January 1—Turkey once more.

January 6—Second edition of Winter's Rules of Order appears.

January 8—Brockman goes to church.

January 9—Snow! The O. D. catches it.

January 11—Sleet! Mind your business, and look out for your feet!

January 13—Green comes to the University and forgets his collar.

January 15—Cold weather. The thermometer ought to be ashamed of itself, getting down so low.

January 16—"Big" Davis falls through the ice.

January 17—Berry King falls down on the ice and gets his face dislocated.

January 18—The Cannon Ball arrives on time.

January 19—"The sun rises on time."—O. K. Spradlin.

January 20—Water in the dormitory, "Run, tramps, run!"

January 22—The University trembles in the throes of a blizzard and examinations.

January 24—Troubles on top of troubles—three exams in one day.

January 26—Before examination:

Spirits of learning, be with us yet,
Lest we forget,
Lest we forget!

After examination:

The spirits of learning were with us not,
For we forgot,
For we forgot!

January 29—The days of tribulation are over, and Sunday has come at last.

January 31—Captain Parson leaves for Fort Riley.

February 1—Professor Shannon, commandant.

February 2—Ground hog out, and he didn't see his "shadder"—snow.

February 4—Dr. Brough takes a tumble in the library.

February 5—Coasting! Coasting!

February 7—Snow! Sleet! Slip! Slide! McCrory gets wallowed in the snow. Miss Bertha Jones falls off of a sled.

February 8—Rabbit races on the campus.

February 10—Professor Shannon inspects dormitory.

February 12—Firecrackers in the hall of University.

February 15—Snow! The O. D. gets a black eye.

February 18—Things begin to look clean around the University. The committee from the Legislature will arrive in a few days.

February 21—Legislative Committee arrives.

February 22—For some reason there is a very great commotion among the students.

February 24—New commandant expected.

February 27—Commandant Powers arrives and reviews the companies. He advises the cadets to scratch their noses with sticks.

March 3—Legislature arrives and inspects the University. Battalion review in the afternoon.

March 5—Great activity among the students.

March 7—"Full loud the shrieking winds of lusty March do blow."

March 9—Hot conferences and arguments among the students.

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

March 11—A country break-down occurs at the dormitory.

March 13—Abe Collins and Joe Gardner go to see Dooley.

March 15—The mocking birds are out in full force.

March 17—George Sively composes a poem.

March 19—The base ball team begins to practice.

March 21—The choir sings a new song.

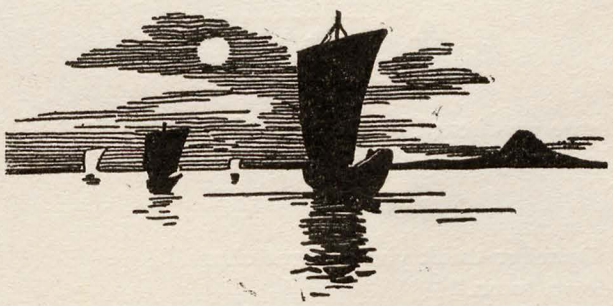
March 23—Jefferies flunks in Anglo-Saxon.

March 25—The Cannon Ball arrives on time.

March 27—Soda fountains open for business.

March 29—J. G. Cubage goes to drill.

April 1—April fool! fool! fool!



THE ROGUES' GALLERY.

While in St. Louis, last summer, the writer went around to the Rogues' Gallery, and found the pictures of the people named below, who were in for the following crimes.

C. M. REVES.—For shooting a fire-cracker with malice aforethought—murder in the first degree—100 years in penitentiary.

FRANK FERGUS.—For stealing second base—grand larceny—ten years.

B. A. SPRADLIN.—For hooking a piece of ice—thirty days in jail.

W. M. VAN VALKENBURGH.—For beating the drum—assault and battery—out on bail.

BEULAH WILLIAMS.—For squeezing the hands of the University clock—ten days.

HOMER BUFORD.—For striking a match—assault and battery.

K. A. REED.—For stepping on the five o'clock train—out on bail.

F. G. LEFLER.—For whipping a nightmare, cruelty to dumb animals—$200 and three days on the chain-gang.

GRACE JORDAN.—For licking a stamp—banished to Siberia.

TOM CHEW.—For shooting a snipe—released on *habeas corpus*.

M. E. TUCKER.—For maliciously taking a bath—penal servitude.

A MIXTURE.

The following dialogue was heard in the girls' cloak room last winter. Each young lady had a big wad of gum in her mouth:

"Gotcher lesson?"

"Nah."

"I kin get mine. Doncher think you can get chors?"

"Yeh. Let 's go down town."

"All rike. I can go right now. Getcher hat."

"Say 're you goin' to the dance t'night?"

"Nah."

"Say, getcher hat."

"Did n'ti say I was."

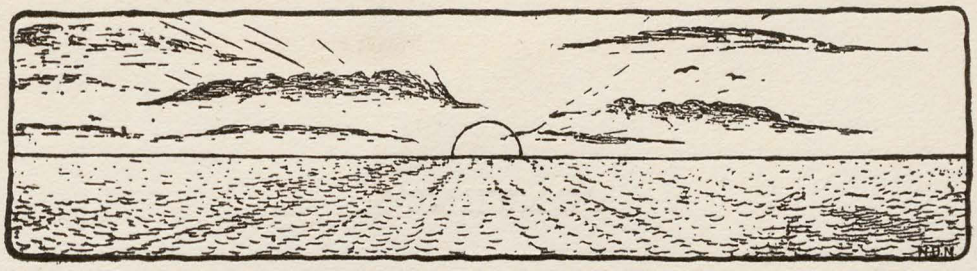
"Come on. Du like chocolate?"

"You bet. Du?

"Yeh. Getcher hat."

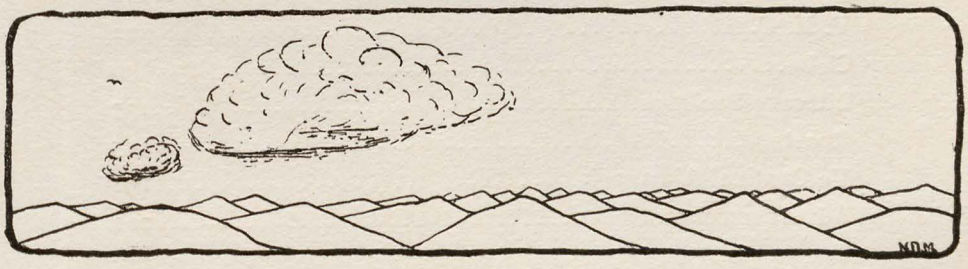
"Let 's get som'p'n t'eat. You hungry?"

"Yeh. Come on."



After-Word.

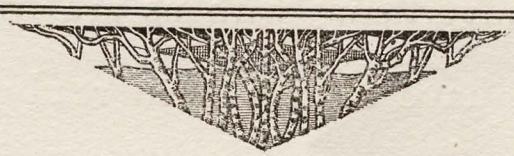
Just lay this simple book away;
The daylight darkens into gray;
The winds are up and sob around
The houses with a mournful sound;
The grass is sleeping in the lawn,
And great hills whisper for the dawn—
So shut each latch and blow each light;
Sweet friend and foe, rest well to-night!
The book is done; the tale is told;
The stars look down the heavens old.
Let tender words keep well each mouth,
Like spring winds calling in the south.
May courtly Mab erase thy care
And give thee gold and jewels rare;
So sleep and rest, for dreams are best
While moonbeams fall across thy breast,
And blot each care and canker's blight—
Sweet friend and foe, rest well to-night!



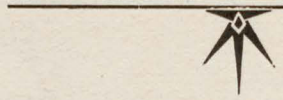
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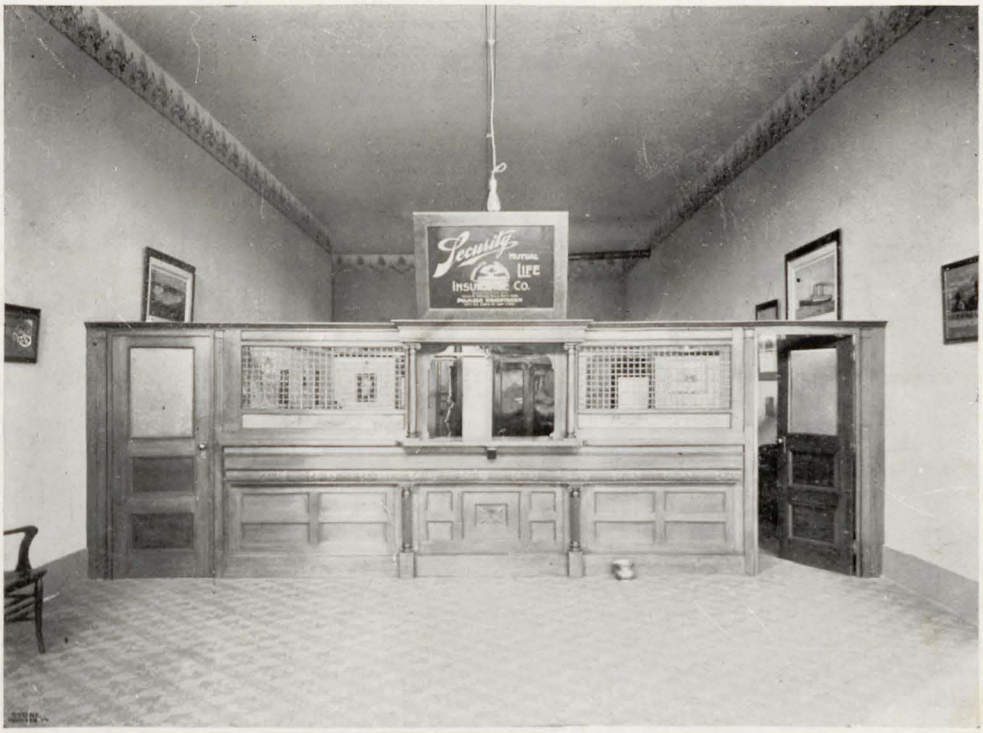
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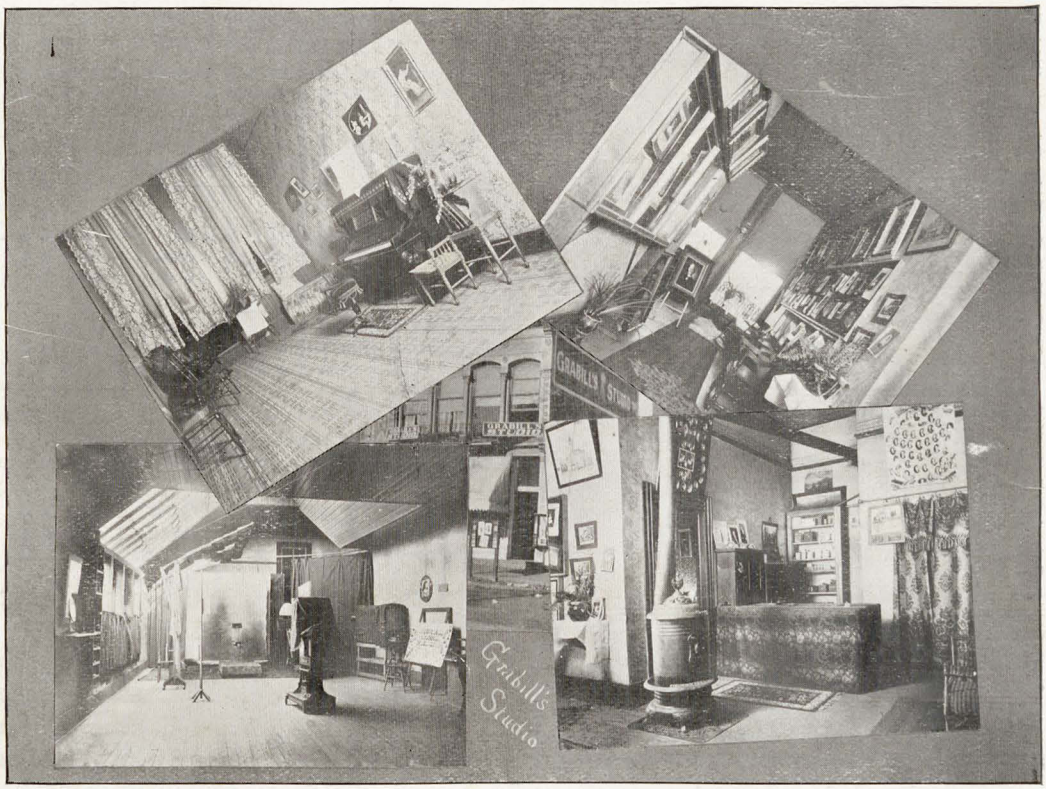
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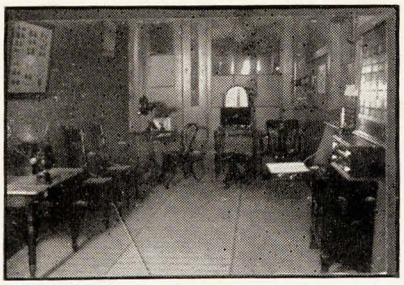
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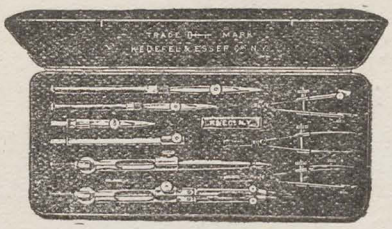
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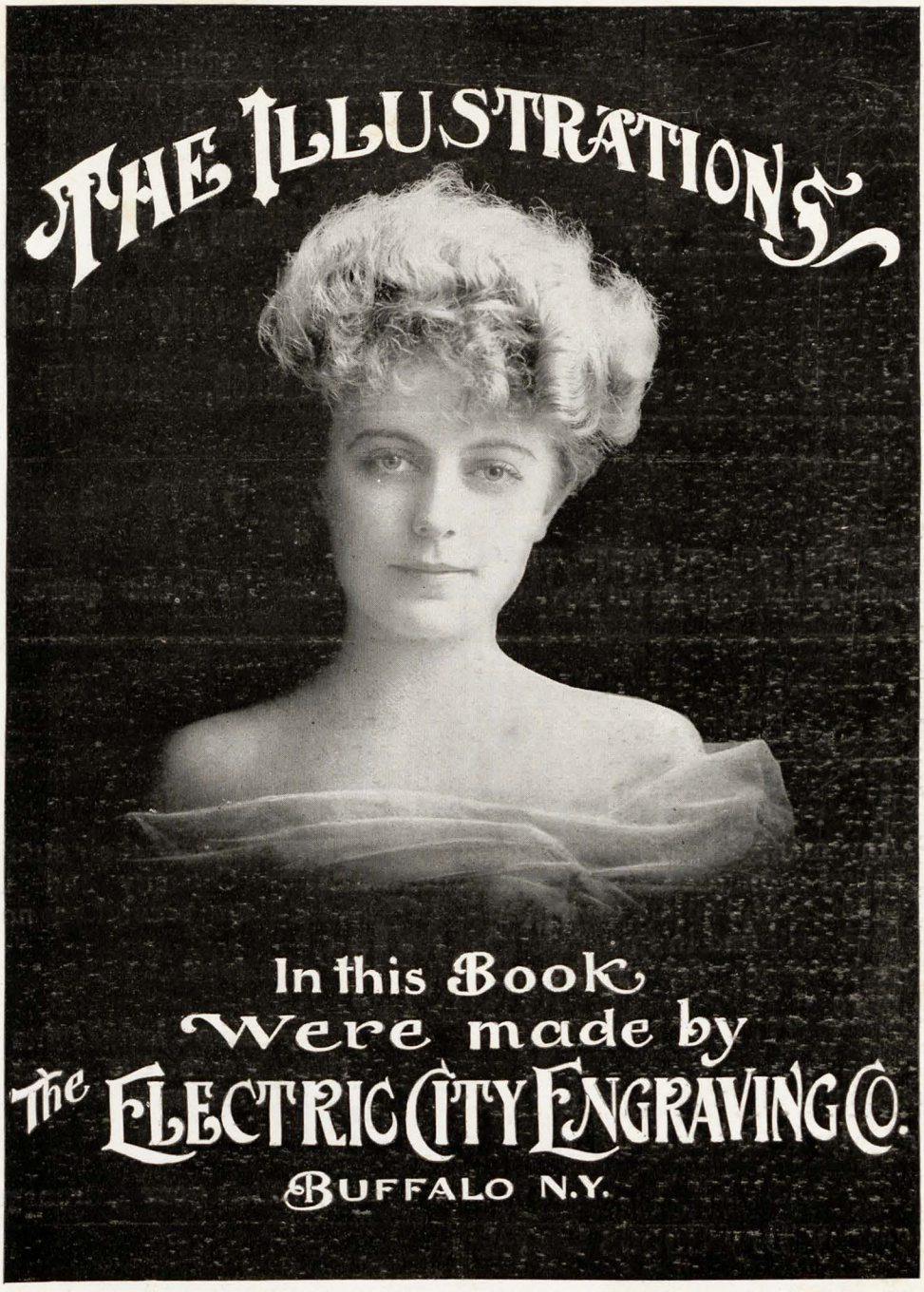
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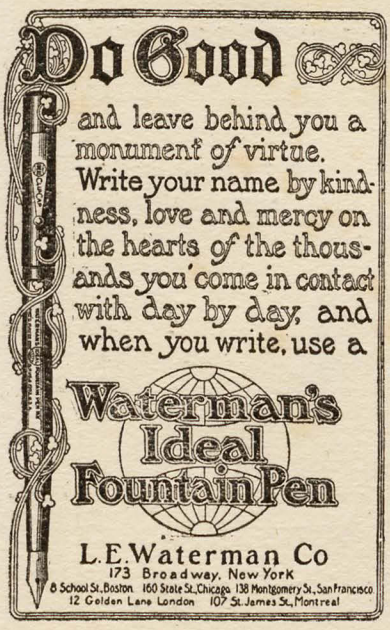
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